

THE  
EFFIGIES  
OF  
LOVE:

BEING  
A Translation from the Latine  
of Mr. *Robert Waring* of Christ-  
Church in *Oxford*, Master of Arts,  
and Proctor of that Univerſity.

To which is prefixt  
A Tombſtone-Encomium ,  
By the ſame Author,  
Sacred to the memory of the Prince of Poets,  
**BEN. JOHNSON;**  
Alſo made Engliſh by the ſame hand.

---

*The Pox, the Plague, and every ſmall Diſeaſe,*  
*May come as oft as ill Fate pleaſe;*  
*But Death and Love are never found*  
*To give a ſecond Wound.* [theſe.  
*We're by thoſe Serpents bit, but we're devour'd by*  
*Mr. Cowley in his Miſtriſs, pag. ult.*

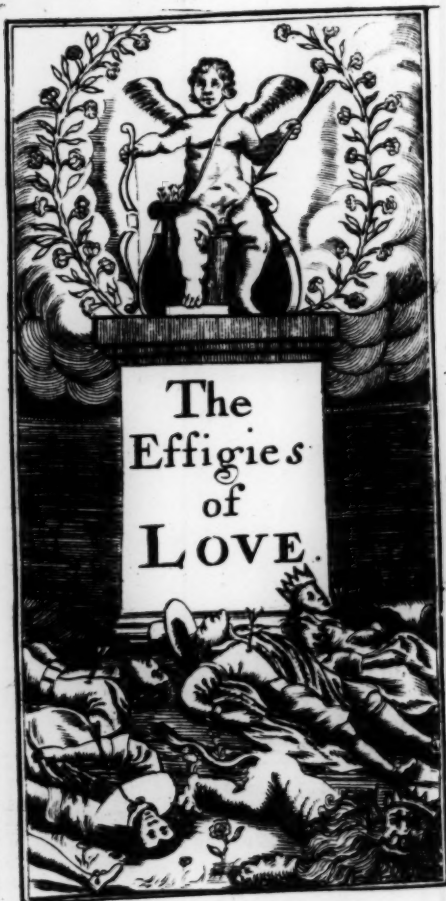
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T. Cross Sculp.

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Also made English by the same hand.

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*The Pox, the Plague, and every small Disease,  
May come as oft as ill Fate please;  
But Death and Love are never found  
To give a second Wound.* [these.  
*We're by those Serpents bit, but we're devour'd by  
Mr. Cowley in his Mistress, pag. ult.*

---

*London*: Printed in the year 1680.

Sarah Lock;



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T O  
The Fair and Excellent  
L A D Y  
Madam *Sarah Cock.*

*Honoured Madam,*



O make an *Apologie* for *Dedications*, in an Age wherein it were almost *ridiculous* to appear without them, were a folly like his that should excuse himself for not being *singular*; besides that he must needs be a person of a very desperate *desert* and *fortune* too,

[a 3]

who

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

who can neither *finde* nor *make* a *friend* that will *accept* or *patronize* his labours; and it must needs be *scandalous* for that *childe*, whose both *parents* and *friends* are ashamed to own it. But that I should *single* out *You*, most *Excellent Madam*, from the rest of your *fair Sex*, to shelter me from the dreadful effects of *merciless Criticks*, need be the wonder of none but *Your self*, whose *Modesty* hath restrained *You* from too near a familiarity with your *own deserts*, and made *You* happily ignorant of *Your own vertues* and *power*; the knowledge of which ought not to be trusted with any *goodness* less than *Your own*. But *tyranny*, and *insolence*, and *triumphing*

### *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

*phing* over the *infelicities* and *miseries* of those men whom themselves have made so, is such a piece of *Barbarity*, as will finde entertainment among none but the *basest* and the *worst* of men: which is all the *security* I have that I may once see a *period* of those sufferings I have so long *patiently*, and *scarce* *patiently* endured, since the *remedy* is in the power of her whose very *outward* *appearance* carries with it a certain *indication* of *generosity* and *goodness*. I was long *silent*, and with much *reluctancy* at last broke it: but if *grief*, though *silent*, have a *voice*; if *anguish* without a tongue be *vocal*; if *sorrow* be *lowd* to *Elah*, or the *groans* of an *expiring* *Lover*

### *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

can be *accented* ; if a mighty *amazement* and *consternation* of a mind but reasonably solicitous for *its own happiness*, have any *Emphasis* ; my *present sufferings* can neither want *arguments* nor *orateurs* : and whilst I plead my *own Cause*, and that *with You*, I shall much sooner be at a loss *where to begin*, than *what to say*.

Dearest Madam, this little Book will inform You what *You can do*, and I have *suffered* : my *torments* (the *Characters* of Your powerful *Beauty*) are here exactly *delineated*, that You may *read* and *pity* me, now almost become *Loves emphatical Martyr*. It will seem a *wonder* scarce capable of his *belief*, should I tell the *Reader*,  
The



## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

The described *Passions* in this *Book*,  
come short of what I have, and  
the *Torments* of what I endure for  
You. In some places You will  
see *Your self* deservedly seated on  
a *Throne*, which can dart *astoni-*  
*shing influences* and a dreadful plea-  
sure, distributing *desirable afflicti-*  
*ons*, and *pleasing deaths*, which the  
most greedy of life would desire,  
and joyfully embrace: In other  
places You may visit Your easie-  
gotten *Conquests*, and see the un-  
happy *Trophies* of Your *Beauty*.  
Others You have slightly touched,  
and but with a few *Darts*, Me  
You have transfixt with a thou-  
sand: their wounds do not need,  
mine are scarce capable of cure; and  
their greatest *Emphasis* is their  
not

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

*not being mortal.* Yet We valiant Lovers like these pleasing Cruelties, love the hand that strikes us, play with the flames that scorch us, and enjoy them the blessed Authors of our deaths.

But lest, whilst I talk of *Sufferings*, my trespassing too long upon Your *patience*, may justify Your *inflicting* them, and so turn them into *Punishments*; and lest the *Prologue* drown the *Play*, and forestal the *patience* of the *bearers*, which would be more advantageously reserv'd for the ensuing *Acts*; I retire, onely begging leave to advertise You, that whereas some Expressions in this Book are *harsh* and *uncount*, that may not be charged upon the *Translator*,

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

tor, who hath in favour of Your *fair Sex* trespassed more than once upon the *Author*, and fears he shall stand in need of the learned *Reader's* pardon for making so many, as he begs *Yours* for not making more *alterations*.

Dearest *Madam*, read this little *Book*, and see the *reflex image* both of *Your self* and *Me*: there You will finde what You *already* are, and what all other Ladies from Your example *fain would be*; who onely blame You for setting Your Example so *high*, that it *deceives* their *sight*, *baffles* their *hopes*, and *discourages* their *endeavours* of *imitation*. In mercy to the *gazing world*, bridle this *Luxury* of *Vertue*, this *Prodigality* of  
Good-

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

*Goodness* : 'tis *thrifty* counsel, and conduces to *Your happiness* and *Ours* too : it gives us *hopes*, that though we can't attain *Your course*, we seeing our *Guide*, may go part of that *Religious way* : for though by a *higher pitch* of *Vertue* (if that *supposition* be no *Crime*) You might be transcribed into something *above humanity* ; yet wrapt in *Clouds*, we had lost our knowledge, You our love ; and You leaving us in danger of *seduction* into *Idolatry*, lest you should be without *fault*, are become guilty of *ours*.

But methinks I begin to forget my *Crime*, which I promised to *amend*. ~~Which might~~ *It might* be better done, than by not *anticipating*  
Your

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Your reading of this *Book*, which when read, will supersede the trouble of *subscription*. Whatsoever is there of *Love* or *Adoration*, I shall do *You* that *Justice* and *my self* the *Honour* of acknowledgement and payment: which *tribute* I humbly beg *You* will not *refuse* from,

Dearest Madam,

*Your entirely devoted*

*and most obedient Servant,*

***Rob. Nightingale.***

The People's Dictionary

Your readers of this book, which  
when first it appeared, the  
troubled state of the  
country was such that it was  
thought best to publish it  
in a small and portable  
form, and to sell it at a  
low price, so that it might  
be in the hands of all  
who were interested in  
the state of the country.  
I have now the pleasure  
to announce that it is  
now published in a new  
and enlarged edition, and  
at a still lower price, so  
that it will be more  
accessible to all.

Robt. Nisbetingale.

TO THE  
READER.

READER,

**I** Here present thee with a Translation of the deservedly admired Effigies Amoris ; but with such Variations from the Latin, as will make me obnoxious to thy Censure. To give you the particular reasons, were a direct thwarting of my interest, and undoing all I have already done in prosecution of my end : yet I dare tell you my reasons are such as will either secure me from, or enable me willingly to bear the worst that Zoilus can do ; I shall be as capable of his Envy, as he will be deserving of my Scorn, and needful of my Pity : but because it is so easie to pretend any reasons when a man is before-

## To the Reader.

*forehand resolv'd not to discover them, I think fit to acquaint you, that there are in the Latine so many harsh and jarring expressions, so derogatory to the honour and the dominion that the fair Sex (for whose sake I avow the undertaking of this Translation) have by their victorious Beauty acquired in the world, that I thought my self oblig'd (having list'd my self under Cupid's Banner) to espouse their Cause, and thereby become at once an Orator for them and Vertue.*

*Mr. Waring the ingenious Author of this Book, might be allowed some Extorick transports, and ought to be pardon'd the roving Excursions of a boundless fancy and unlimited invention: he was full, and those expressions must be lookt upon as the frothy overflowings of a luxuriant brain: though after all, if taken entirely, he is certainly one of the most ingenious Authors that ever this fruitful age hath produced; whose excellent Character (set  
down*



## To the Reader.

down by Mr. Griffith, (the Publisher of the last Edition) will easily excuse me from speaking farther of a person whom I no otherwise knew but by Fame; and this little, but best Monument of himself: which renders my attempt of translation as bold and as dangerous as Horace pronounc'd his Endeavours to be, who durst emulate Pindar. But Love commanded, and I had nothing else to do but to obey: I told him I was not eloquent; he replied that he could make me so: he commanded me to speak, and taught me how; and whilst he unseal'd my lips, influenced my tongue. Cupid is the Muses and the Worlds Hannibal, whose prosperous adventures serve to teach us, that to him, and us under his Conduct, nothing is inaccessible, nothing is invincible: and let him that laughs at me and my undertaking, beware lest by the influence I have upon my Master, he be not in a condition of shaking hands, and prove as emphatical a fool as he thinks I am.

[b]

Thus,

## To the Reader.

*Thus, Reader, I have acquainted you with some of my reasons, and told you likewise that I have more in my Budget, which being purposely kept there for secrecie's sake, you are by the laws of Modesty forbidden to make any farther enquiry after them.*

*The Epitaph upon Ben. Johnson I was unwilling to leave out, though I am sensible it hath lost much by the translation. It was in the Latine ( as I have made it in the English ) rather a Monumental inscription than a Poem. So that in this Verbum verbo curabam reddere fidus Interpres.*

*Accept, courteous Reader, or at least pardon these my first adventures: I have chosen a Subject generous and bold, which may provoke some one better qualified for it than my self, to add these Ornaments which I were not able to give.*

TO



T O

The ever Honour'd

And most Accomplish'd Gentleman,

Sir *John Birkenhead* Kt.

Doctor of Laws, Master of Faculties,

And one of the Honourable House of Commons

*Illustrious Sir,*

**I**T is my hopes that you will not disdain these *first fruits* of our *Gratitude*, though gathered out of your *own Nursery*, in regard we never offer to the *Deities* themselves other than their own proper *Incense*. That these few *Remains* of so dear an acquaintance *surviv'd* their *Author*, is that which all *learned men* owe to your *care*; and therefore that they should *return dedicated* to your *Name*, was not onely *mine*, but the

[b 2]

desire

To Sir John Birkenhead Kt.

define of the *Learned*; whose farther  
designe it was, that I should make known  
by the testimony of *this Treatise*, as  
well their *publick* as my *private Gra-  
titude*. Who could not think it enough  
to enjoy a *Jewel* so pretious in it self,  
unless (as it happens to the *Pearls* and  
*Diamonds* of great *Princes*) it had re-  
ceived something of *higher value*, more  
august than *innate worth*, from the *Ca-  
binet* of the late *Possessor*: For to them  
that should enquire *Cujum Opus*, it  
would not be enough for the *Printer*  
to answer, *Not Ægon's* certainly, unless  
he added, *But Waring's*; or to you that  
farther demanded, *Whence came this  
Work*? nothing else could satisfie their  
*Importunity* but this reply, *That it was  
produc'd, most excellent Sir, out of your  
Library*. And while the *Publisher* pre-  
pares another *Edition*, the former *Co-  
pies* being either *lost* or *sold*, it is your  
*Command*, that the *true* and *genuine  
Author* of this *third Edition* should be  
known to the world in the front of

To Sir John Birkenhead Kt.

this *third Impression* ; not wanting  
*surreptitious Feathers* to *imp* the wings  
of thy *Fame*, who canst deservedly  
boast those *Off-springs* of thy own *Quill*;  
which should the *world* enjoy all toge-  
ther, would soon *eclipse* whatever the  
*Modern Wits* have brought forth :  
from whence I am not able to deter-  
mine whether or no something *greater*  
than the *Iliads* might arise. To you  
in the mean time all the *Learned* on  
this side *Tagus* and *Ganges* bow their  
heads, as being the onely person fa-  
mous for the high *applauses* for *Wit* and  
*Judgment* both conjoyn'd ; so far in  
you is the subtlety of *Wit* from inju-  
ring the sharpness of *Judgment*. But I  
fear lest while I am paying *Truth* her  
due, I should offend your *modesty*,  
which is not the meanest of your great  
*Virtues* ; I will therefore correct my  
self in time, wishing onely this, that  
we may at length obtain what *all* de-  
sire, an Edition of your *Lucubrations*,  
that so you may do justice to your  
[b 3] Fame,

To Sir John Birkenhead Kt.

desire of the *Learned*; whose farther designe it was, that I should make known by the testimony of *this Treatise*, as well their *publick* as my *private Gratitude*. Who could not think it enough to enjoy a *Jewel* so pretious in it self, unless (as it happens to the *Pearls* and *Diamonds* of great *Princes*) it had received something of *higher value*, more august than *innate worth*, from the *Cabinet* of the late *Possessor*: For to them that should enquire *Cujum Opus*, it would not be enough for the *Printer* to answer, *Not Ægon's* certainly, unless he added, *But Waring's*; or to you that farther demanded, *Whence came this Work?* nothing else could satisfie their *Importunity* but this reply, *That it was produc'd, most excellent Sir, out of your Library*. And while the *Publisher* prepares another *Edition*, the former *Copies* being either *lost* or *sold*, it is your *Command*, that the *true* and *genuine Author* of this *third Edition* should be known to the world in the front of  
this

To Sir John Birkenhead Kt.

this *third Impression* ; not wanting  
*surreptitious Feathers* to *imp* the wings  
of thy *Fame* , who canst deservedly  
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fire, an Edition of your *Lucubrations* ,  
that so you may do justice to your  
[b 3] Fame,

To Sir John Birkenhead Kt.

Fame, and the vast expectation that the world has conceived of you. In the mean while I beg you to accept this *Testimony* of a *grateful mind*, till I am able to make a better acknowledgement, which for gratitudes sake, I desire may be dedicated to your self,

To you, my best Patron,

*Your most devoted Servant,*

Will. Griffith.

THE





THE  
P R O E M  
O F  
WILLIAM GRIFFITH  
T O T H E  
R E A D E R.

**T***ake, Reader, to thy self, what  
thou hast so long desir'd, the  
new Edition of this polite lit-  
tle Work ; little indeed, if  
thou regardest the bulk, and not the  
merit of the Piece, to prevent the te-  
dious labour of transcribing so frequent-  
ly requested Copies. This was the  
Printers care, to whom I was willing to*

## The Proem of *Will. Griffith*.

*condescend, that if I could any way be  
ayding, this third Edition should come  
forth more copious and more corrected.  
To which end, if any thing were done  
to the purpose by me, it is all to be ascri-  
bed to that worthy and excellent per-  
son, through whose favour the Lear-  
ned World enjoys the lovely birth  
of so divine a Wit; I mean, that no-  
ble Gentleman Sir John Birkenhead,  
who was not satisfi'd to inter and pre-  
serve the Ashes of the Author, who  
was his intimate Acquaintance, unless  
he might also preserve his Memory;  
which he did, by exposing to the world  
these draughts and descriptions of Love-  
deposited in his custody. They have  
breathed forth Nard where're they came,  
with the fragrant Odours of Amomum.  
The name of the Author was absent  
from the Title in the first Edition: For  
then it crept forth, such was the fate of  
those times, as the work of a person  
who had been always faithful to his  
Prince, and therefore thought it ne-  
cessary*

## The Proem of *Will. Griffith*.

*cessary to conceal his name, which was all he could do. For it became not such an Ingenuity to be conceal'd, which like Royal Furniture carries its peculiar marks where-ever it is found.*

*Nor is that small Addition to be despised, I mean, the Tombstone-Encomium upon the Prince of our English Poets, BEN. JOHNSON, by which he has rendered his Memory, with his own, immortal; which the Author finding most miserably mangled in a Book called Johnsonus Viribus, was forced almost to make new again, that he might restore it to its first splendour, to himself a Peonian Apollo, renewing, like the Pelican, that life which he had given to his Off-spring once born, and twice restored to life; born from the hand and invention of the Author, risen once from the Errours of the Press, and a third time expos'd to Eternity by the favour of the forementioned Knight. The Author was deservedly number'd among the chiefest Wits of his time, as*  
Cart-

## The Proem of *Will. Griffith.*

Cartwright, Gregory, Diggs, Masterfon,  
and the rest : *Who while they liv'd, Oh*  
*Heavens how great they were ! of all*  
*whom for all, the noble Birkenhead onely*  
*survives. These were the Tutelar Nu-*  
*mens of Oxford, every one an Ingenu-*  
*ity descended from Heaven ; which*  
*while she kept within her walls, Oxford*  
*stood, yielding neither to the policy nor*  
*force of her Enemies. In vain the E-*  
*neimy labour'd to intice these Heroes to*  
*his Party : Whom nevertheless while a*  
*greater force, piety and fidelity to their*  
*Prince , carri'd several ways, whereby*  
*their Pens were not able to assist the Roy-*  
*al Arms, reduced to Extremity, at length*  
*the hostile fury prevail'd , while they*  
*were otherwise employed ; as the Temple*  
*of Diana burnt at Ephesus, while she was*  
*base at the birth of Alexander. The*  
*Enemy therefore having obtained his*  
*wishes, proudly using his Victories, as it*  
*were triumphing over Victory her self,*  
*carried away as many of these Genius's*  
*as he could meet with ; believing he could*

## The Proem of *Will. Griffith.*

*no otherwise restrain and curb those  
divine Souls, than with Cords and  
Chains. As the Tyrians tyed the same  
golden Chain to the Ogmean Hercules,  
lest he should desert them, which the  
Gauls tyed to the tongue of the same  
Deity, to attract and allure others. In  
the midst of these Cruelties, the most of  
those Heroes breathed forth their blessed  
Souls, yet not yielding to fate, in regard  
that every one of them has drawn Eter-  
nal Lines in their several Writings, as  
amongst the rest,*


ROBERT WARING

has depainted

*The Effigies of Love*

to all Eternity.


TO



## ERRATA.

**I**N the Epistle Dedicatory, p. 6. l. 19. read they instead of that. In the title of the Epistle to Sir John Birkenhead, r. Master of Requests. p. 2. l. 4. dele as well. p. 3. l. 13 r. looks, instead of countenance. p. 5. l. 8. read that instead of a. p. 27. l. 22. read, yet this is to. p. 77. l. 18. read Vices instead of Vertues. p. 95. l. 11. r. approaches.

These, and if there be any other Errata, occasioned through the Translators absence, the candid Reader is desired to excuse and amend them.



TO  
The PRINCE OF POETS,  
BEN. JOHNSON,  
A TOMBSTONE-ENCOMIUM.

Greatest of Poets,  
Whether suffering *Death* or *Extase*,  
Thou'lt be a *venerable*, more than mortal *Pile*.  
Thus, after the receiv'd honour of *sacred Fury*,

When

When th' aged Prophetess  
Had wasted the now-exhausted *Inspiration*,  
And the *divine Soul* no more to return

Had taken its last flight,

Thus lay the *Sibyl's* Carcas,  
Even yet to be consulted by her trembling  
*Adorers*.

To none the *God-like Soul* so largely indulg'd it self,  
To none more unwilling it bid farewell,

Transmitting equal *Flames*

While an *Exile*, and while an *Inhabitant*.

And now the *Evening* of thy years growing on,

It did not leave thy breast,

As



As it were the *Horizon of Poetry*,

Without its gloomie *redness*.

'Tis the *fate of some Poets to betray*, not *know their Parts* ;

A great *Mystery to others*, a greater to *themselves* ;

Like some *Prophetick wilde Beasts*,

They boast an included *Numen*, which they know not ;

Wise by unintelligible *instinct* ;

In whom, while *boldness* creates *wit*, 'tis profitable to be ignorant.

To *thee* it first happen'd to enjoy thy own *Fury*,

And govern thy *celestial gifts*,

While with an equal *strife*, thy *judgment* & thy *inspiration* went together,

Twice divinely possess'd.

Thou hast added *Muses* to other *Muses*, *Arts* and *Sciences*,

A

A Poet, full of thy self :

Who separating Fury from Rage,

Hast taught that the Aonian Springs may be soberly

quaff'd.

Who hast chastiz'd the lawless extravagance of Rapture,

By thrifty counsel.

That Britain might at length possess,

The World admire

An Ingenuity that needs no pardon ;

And finde nothing to be farther added to thy Writings,

But Fame.

That the Prologues therefore,

Like the Portico's of great men, should advance the Titles

Of

Of the *Master*,  
The *Author* himself is celebrated as the perpetual *Argument*.  
This is not to be called *Arrogance*, but *Judgment*,

Or *Propheſie*.

For it is the property of *Virtue* and a *Poet*,

To please *himſelf*.

Therefore not to increaſe our *Envie*, but thy *Praise*,  
The *Fates* commanded thee to appear *Great*,  
Who alone haſt ſhew'd thy ſelf to Uſ an *entire Poet*.

While others onely crop the *Lawrel-boughs*,

Thou claim'ſt the *whole Grave*.

Nor doſt thou flatteringly *praiſe*, nor enviously *bite* ;  
Abominating both,

[c]

Either

Either to mix *Honey* with thy *Sacrifice*, or *Vinegar*

With thy *Physick*.

Nor hast thou burst thy *Oaten-pipe* with too much breath ,

Nor effeminat'd thy *Trumpet* with too little.

Observing the *Laws* on both parts, as being thy *Self* the *Law*,  
Thou hast obtain'd an *Empire* by the devotion of *Obedience*.

Servant of *Things*, but not of *Times*.

Thus being the *Darling* of all the *Muses*,

Thou sett'st them all at a perpetual *strife*.

Let it be *Homer's* Glory

To have *Cities* at variance for him, for *thee*

The *Muses* dispute.

Who whether in thy *Tragick Buskins*, among the *Poets*,

Thun

Thundring *Jupiter*,  
Or whether thy round feet fill the *Comick Sock* ;  
Whether thou dost dictate *Epigrams*

That may be *acted*,

Or *Wit* which the hands can *shew*.

Thou leav'st those *foot-steps* Posterity must adore,

And seem'st to Us to *pitch* the *Theatre*.

Thy *Scenes* exhibit not Spectacles of *Sand* ;

Thy *Scenes* produc'd not *Poems*, but *Poesie* it self,

And gave both *Minder* and *Laws* to the People,

By which they might *condemn* thee, if thou cou'dst have *err'd*.

Thus thou affordest both *sights* and *eyes* to the *Beholders* ;

And mak'st those *Scenes* which chuse rather to be read

[c 2]

Than

Than be beheld,

Scorning to owe thy wit to the Actor.

Others not beholding to *Apollo*, but to *Mercury*,  
Whose *Inspirations* proceed from *Wine* and *Love*,  
Who obtrude *Vices* upon the *Stage*, whom *Diseases*

Make *Poets*,

Whose *Muses* more fit to ride after the old custom in *Carts*,  
Never bring forth, but suffer abortion

Of a few dying *Verses*,

Which the very *Press* it self stifles.

Authors expos'd to darkness by a new fraud of *Lucina*,

While their *Poems*, like *Diurnals*,

Serve onely for their Year and Country.

Thus

Thus the *Modern Wit of Plautus*  
No longer liv'd than *Plautus* liv'd;  
And the *Domestick Fests of Aristophanes* found  
No *applause* but upon his *own Theatre*.

Thou in the mean while  
Breathest the *Genius of Ages yet to come*,  
The *World's* and thy *Theatre* is the same;  
While in *one word*, thou pourest forth a *lasting*

*Poem*,

A *Vers immense*, and increasing with the Reader:  
We congratulate thy happy *Delays* :

But why call we that *Delay*,  
Which was made onely for

Our

Our fakes?

That ought to be eternally written, which  
Would be so read.

*Thou alone art able*

To govern the world with thy *Pen*, far greater than  
*Scepters.*

The *Sword* subdu'd the *Britains* to *Rome*;

Thy *Quill*, *Rome* to the *Britains* :

Which thus rejoicing to be vanquish'd,  
We now behold more *Sublime* in the *English Buskin*,  
Than in the *height* of her own *Hills*.

But what is greater, thou subdu'st the *Age* to *Us* ;  
And, *Vicar* of the *Oracle*,

Like



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Like a faithful Priest, perform't what God commanded,  
Teaching men to *know themselves*.

Our Language  
*Nurs'd wit, increas'd by thee :*

Thou didst form the *Country-speech* and thy *own words* together.  
No more we boast our *own*, but *Johnson's Eloquence* ;  
To the end thou mayst be *always prais'd* in thy *own*

*Language ;*

Who hast also taught

*Rome* it *self* more eloquent words,  
Vaunting in the servitude of a *foreign Idiom*.

*Greece* also,

The *Mistress* of the world, thou hast *adorn'd* ;

Now

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Now glorying in another than the *Attick Dialect*:  
Rich in thy *Self alone*, thou wert able to condemn  
The *Ingenuities* of Others,

And without them wert a *Compendium* of Wit.

But as that *Painter*

Who strove to give the world an *Exemplar* equal to the  
*Idea*,

Artfully collected

Those *Beauties* which Nature had here and there  
*dispens'd*;

And forcing the *wandering Rivulets* of Form into one *Ocean*,  
Commanded thence another unblemish'd *Venus*:  
So to the framing a structure of the same nature,

Thy

1106  
Thy *Poesse* was like that *Painting*.

*Other Authors* afforded Materials for thy *Wit*,

*Thou* art added to them as *Art* and *Polishing*.

And if others might be call'd *Poets*, thou *Poesse* itself.

Not another *Pen*, but the *Author of Authors*.

Long *Sollicitous Writers* teaching at length by thy self,

What *Genius* a Book that would *live* ought to have.

How many soever went before,

Did but serve as *Guides* in the Road :

Thou alone the *Pillar*.

That *Vertue* which profits others, endammag'd

The Owner.

A

And

And thou that hadst more correctedly transcrib'd others,

Art not to be transcrib'd *thyself* :

A Match equal to them gone before,

To Posterity unequal.

*Perpetual Dictator of the Stage.*

*Rob. Waring.*

These

These Flames of Love Robert *Waring* offers and consecrates to the Altars and religious Fires. This old and worm-eaten Harp of Love he also hangs against the sacred Walls of his poor Habitation.

**N**ow Cupid grant me Feathers and Quills from thy own Wings, and an Opportunity of Stealing thy Divinity. There is a greater Task in hand, and a larger Theme of Love, the Patron; whom I should believe more proper for me to invoke, were it not a piece of impious Worship to pretend so great a Person for the occasion of our Sloath. Yet (O thou to me more admir'd Divinity than Cupid himself) grant me the pardon of this one Crime (for it is not an unheard-of Crime of Piety) to hang my Harp upon the sacred Walls, that will then at length

length prove grateful when it can sound no more. I, in imitation of Praxitiles his Art, (for what is it we Lovers dare not do?) have sent this idle Piece, not so much for the Pencil's, as for Pieties sake, the Messenger of my Love, and as a Pledge for myself. Thou shalt not finde here so much of the Painter, as of a person that makes his Confession, as having spent the Heats of a distemper'd Breast upon the Table, and weakly delineated, what I more powerfully suffer'd. Neither shall I seem to have described to the Life, but only the Blindness and Madness of Love. So that I fear a further demand, What it is I deliver into your Hands, under the notion of a Present. However, if deluded with the Shadow and Dream of a Representation, you require something farther, behold more willingly here approaches your Hands, either as a Present, or as a Captive, the very Picture, or if you please, Original of Love.

The

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*The Answer of R. W. to  
his Friend, importunately  
desiring to know what  
LOVE might be?*

**I** Acknowledge the wanton Ty-  
ranny of imperious Love, that is  
always requiring the most diffi-  
cult Trials of the Affections.  
Now though it be a kinde of an *Hercu-  
lean* Labour it self to Love, considering  
those severe duties, those toyls, and  
hazards appendant to it; as if Cruelty  
were its sole delight: Nevertheless we  
believe it reasonable, what names so-  
ever we have given to Love, that he  
should exercise his Sovereignty, which  
is certainly very great and puissant;  
and by the Severity of his Commands,  
B that

that he should augment the glory of his high Rule, and our obedient Submission. Let him command as well what is beyond, as well as what is within the verge of our ability to perform, all things, but only that one thing, *Not to Love*. Let him command nothing below a Miracle, seeing that he who exacts the duty, affords us also Strength and Power, and raises our Wit and Ingenuity above its self, transforming Man into a Semi-Deity. So that he cannot be said to Love, who does not act beyond himself, and pursue the accomplishments of his desires, with Enterprises equal to his wishes. He is no thorough-pac'd Lover, who does not something above extraordinary, to gain his Prize.

But justly do you redemand those Affections, which you your self have taught, though despoil'd of your Faceteness and Eloquence. Will it so delight ye, to behold in my devoted Breast, as in a Mirrour, the reverberated



rated resemblance of your self? Or to take a thorough view of me, as being a piece of your own workmanship? because it is impossible that any outward stain should blemish your fair Image; the very Spots whereof afford a brightness, like those of the Sun. Will you not however, like a haughty Lady, be angry with the Looking-Glass, that discovers to your sight Freckles and Deformities not your own, and throws a counterfeit Scandal upon your Countenance? I know not for what reason; but certain it is, that we love the very miscarriages of Nature, and the disgraces of our own Bodies; as old and maimed Images are more religiously ador'd. Thus Parents for the most part careſs with a more tender Affection, as it were to the comfort of their Misfortunes, the lameſt and moſt deformed of their Children; more vehemently admiring theſe Monsters of the Womb, as the Portenders of ſome great matter. We

are pleas'd to behold the transposed. Members of a distorted body, moving like Man's Anagram. Certainly, *Deformity* is a sacred thing, which much more divine than Beauty, pleas'd the antient Priests, that assum'd Divinity under antic shapes, to render their Oracles more reverend; which not only terrifies us Mortals, but admonishes us withal, that this Deformity is rather to be ador'd than lov'd. Every one is to himself the most pleasing Theater, and the most delectable Object; and then the Eye seems to enjoy the Dignity and delights of the Mind, when it shoots its piercing sharpness backward upon it self, at once both the Spectator and the sight. Whatever it be, that for double reasons renders us doubly favoured by you, ought to be most chiefly in our esteem; which if it shew us lame or imperfect, under that very notion either of injury or antiquity, we are also for that very reason to admire it. I am oblig'd to Nature

ture that she hath afforded me a smooth Table, from whence to take off so much of your likeness, as to delight both her self and you too. But it will be a wonder indeed, that an Image should talk any longer.

But I am much more apt *to love*, then speak <sup>that</sup> a word, which covets rather to be the subject of Contemplation than Demonstration; and because it keeps its station in the most secret Recesses of the Heart, disdains acquaintance with the Tongue. A thing which we poor Mortals never learn, either from precept or examples; but then at length all first began to understand, when we had all practised the same thing. You would say that Love were not only blind, but Tongueless, who has made all the joints of our bodies vocal, unless the Tongue alone. Whence it comes to pass, that Lovers more eloquently make use of sighs than words, to convey the Intelligence of their secret flames, and like *Paphian Doves*

weep enliven'd Epistles ; by which means they also discourse with their eloquent Fingers, without the assistance of a Pen; and dialogue in signs, with affable Nods, missary Smiles; and by means of those vocal Messengers of their Desires, hear each others mutual Wishes, and read each others visible Souls. At other times the Rhetorical Tropes of Gesture woe in a mysterious and various Idiome, while Pilgrim Glances, seeming to be out of their way, outwardly renouncing all familiarity, privately hold a strict correspondence together.

Their counterfeited Frowns display an outward displeasure, when they are studying all the charms of Friendship in the midst of their Anger. At other times their Souls taking reciprocal flights from each others eyes, ravish from each other Bridal Kisses at a distance, returning in Triumph with the Thefts of Embraces in thought. And among all their Triumphs and  
their

their Pleasures, this they look upon as the chiefest, that the business lies hid. So frequent a thing it is for Lovers to appear upon the publick Stage, and yet beguile the Spectators by disguising the Comedy. These Angelic Interlocutors seem indeed to be above all humane Laws, and consequently by most certain signs to understand each others Wishes, to inspect each others Entrails, and to manage their Affections rather by way of Oracle than Discourse; while they display in thought a clearer discovery of each others Mindes, before the addresses of words, or that they know how to deceive; and their Desires, like Apparitions, shew themselves to the eye: Such however as by no other Art are to be seen, than that which bred them; while issuing visibly from the Body, they not only appear to the sight, but assume the shape, and enliven the person whom they designe to discourse. As if there were within the same Body

a free Intercourse of restless and wandering thoughts, that commune with others abroad with no less silence than they observe at home. This one Affection that cannot be exprest, is ador'd as a Myserie; whose sacred Rites, like those of the most antient Deities, are like Crimes protected by a modest Shame and warie Silence. *Love* has always its Vail; and the Adorers of *Venus*, like *Æneas*, walk envelop'd in a Cloud, and keep themselves secret in the most publick Assemblies of Men. Nay *Cupid* himself, hardly content with one Vail, delights to peep out of his Ambushments, and to see the hearts he daily wounds; beholding all, himself unseen. Thus *Love* that compos'd the world, kept his Station in Confusion, lurking in the antient Darkness of the primitive Chaos.

Still doth *Venus*, as if she were a Traitor, flie the Sun; and for fear of being discover'd, I know not what Divinity has inclos'd within a Labyrinth,

rinth, not only the Affections of *Pasi-*  
*phaë*, but the whole *Love* of all Man-  
 kinde; or if at any time he chance to  
 be apprehended, he appears either like  
 one caught in a Net, or else in the  
 shape of a Monster. Thus in com-  
 plaisance to Mortals that love Riddles,  
 Love is become a Problem to himself,  
 living without Rule, and exercising  
 the Affections at his own pleasure;  
 while contrary Desires agitate him, no  
 less impetuouly driven this way and  
 that way by the Ebbs and Flowings of  
 the Passions; from whence it may be  
 easie to infer, that the *Cyprian Queen*  
 was born upon the rowling Billows, in  
 the midst of contrary Winds. Strange  
 Riddles! That the same person should  
 both serve and live free, should be at  
 his own disposal, and at the command  
 of another; as it hapned to the Freed-  
 men of the *Roman* Emperours, who  
 govern'd their Lords and Masters un-  
 der the title of Slaves! That this same  
 Love should both live and dye both at  
 the

the same time, and like the *Phoenix*, revive from the Ashes of his own Funeral Pile! Mad and malignant Wishes of the same Lover, therefore to wish his most beloved Favourite unfortunate, only to have the opportunity of being his Comforter! Therefore to desire him depriv'd of Friends, and bereav'd of Subsistence, that he may have the honour of supplying both! Therefore to wound, that he may be the Author of the Cure! That Necessity rather than Love and Merit should enforce the Oblig'd to retaliation! Not to know whether to desire the Hatred and Enmity, or the Favour and Kindness of his Friend! while Hatred and Jealousie are equally mischievous in their undertakings. 'Tis a piece of Inhumanity, to hinder the effects of all other mens Kindness, only to engross the Affection singly to himself; to remove and implead all his other Rivals, as the injurious Authors of his private wrongs: but above all things,



things, to be solicitouſly careful leſt at any time hereafter he ſhould grow wiſer, which might render him contemptible ; with ſo much delight are Lovers blindly miſguided.

See how an inamour'd breſt grows cold and hot reciprocally by fits, as it fares with thoſe in high Fevers ; neither is there any one that loves without perfect indignation. Deſervedly he curſes the pleaſing Executioner, that burns him in thoſe flames, that rob him of himſelf ; Yet like a Butter-flie, delights to play about thoſe flames, and enjoy the happy Author of his Death.

He ſeeks himſelf without himſelf, and lingers to be taken, that being a priſoner, he may be in a capacity to redeem himſelf ; and to be next to himſelf, ſticks cloſe to his Poſſeſſor. It is a difficult thing for him *to love* ; as difficult, *not to love* ; but more difficult than both, *to enjoy Love*. So miſerably is his afflicted Minde tormented,

ted, not so much with his own wishes themselves, as with the necessary event of what he desires. So that if the Heavens prove propitious, to favour him with success in his Love, he then cries out again for his former miseries, and that pleasing torment of sighing and desiring. So much more grateful it is to aspire to embraces, than to be fetter'd in the Chains. Every one more highly esteems the pleasure of desiring, than the Desires themselves; not likely to be happy in any condition, who complains of the event, and with reluctance suffers his Sighs and delightful Anxieties to be lost. Which is the hard and cruel fate of Lovers, that what way soever Fortune favour them, they are still adversaries to their Happiness.

Whence comes it to pass, that he flies the sight of her, the sight of whom is his most pleasing Nourishment, while he thinks it a new birth to be admitted into her Presence?

What

What unhappiness is this, that he that has his hearts desire, should not be able to enjoy his own Wishes? That Majesty encircled with the Graces, both allures and terrifies. That Sun-like splendour of a most serene Countenance, both recreates and annoys the sight. The Veneration of that Divinity, which he hath feign'd terrible to himself, astonishes the Worshipper, suffering like a *Cyclops*, under the oppression of his own Thunderbolts. *Love* hath beguil'd him with that imposture of Titles and Divinity, that he believes the possession more worthy than is fit for him to enjoy; neither will Religion suffer him to envy his misfortune; for what he looks upon as a Divinity, he judges not proper to be approach'd with the Eye, but with the Minde alone.

So carefully hath Heaven provided for this Affection, by intermixing Fear and Anguish with Joy, to render that Pleasure more delicate. Hence it is  
that

that our Desires so torment us, that they may also delight us; and our Delights are so infested with Misfortunes, to increase our Sorrows. They are so sparingly distributed, that they appear like the Ladies Faces, which by their Silken Vails are but more openly conceal'd. So that they may be said to enjoy and to want, both at one time; being such for whom greater things are aimed at, than are convenient to be allowed them: the single felicities of a Glance, or a Smile, or a short charming Discourse, being enough at a time. Nevertheless, our restless and hungry Passion, not satisfied with the sweet repasts either of converse or view, attempts to taste something yet more Divine, which it is nor allow'd neither to obtain or know. Neither do I know how it comes to pass that this Misfortune turmoils us, that because we are wont to enjoy Felicity only in Dreams, we are doubtful whether we possess what  
we

we really enjoy or no ; and believing that we still enjoy what we imagine to be only Dreams and Shadows, we refuse to be any farther deluded, and therefore fear enjoyment.

That Passion which settles all other motions of the Minde, that reconciles Men, Brutes, and Philosophers, is at enmity with it self alone ; by the ties of Discord coupling things altogether repugnant to each other. We are not therefore to reproach him for soft and tender, whose Arms are tired only with Embraces ; who always breathes either Perfumes or Sighs ; who suffers himself to be cast to the ground by the threats of a smooth Brow , or the glance of an Eye. Neither are we to account him *bold* and *daring*, that endures the nocturnal Importunities of his Cares , or the diurnal Sollicitations of his troubled Thoughts ; or by a tedious sufferance of Injuries , exercises his greediness of Danger ; so that although his fears cease , he delights

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to dissemble more, and to invoke Jeopardie and Hazard, as favours and arguments of his Love: as if Paleness and Wanness were the Symptomes of Woing; or that the only way to prove himself *a Lover*, were to make himself miserable.

On the other side, shall we count a man stupid, because we finde that Rigour and Disdain so frequently inflame and provoke *a Lover*? That person, believe me, is all transmigrated into Soul, or that Æthereal particle of Fire, which feels no wounds. Or if this seem a Riddle, know that it is Loves *Philosophy* to vanquish Hatred by Affection, and to assail one Fire by another, though much the brighter. Consider nevertheless, that this is not the *Stupidity*, but the *Heat of a Lover*. For as all Injuries contemn'd, loose their end and perith: so being kindly taken, they pass for Benefits; or else like flints, are broken by that soft & tender Breast that gives them way.

Again,

Again, Why do we exclaim against him for being mad, or blinde, who beholds the spots and blemishes of his Mistriss, as so many Ornaments and little Stars; that he assigns her Imperfections for Beauties, and by a most kinde mistake, extols and adorns her failings, with the title of the nearest resembling Virtues? The more she needs it, the more curious is her Lover to dress and set her forth in his own ascititious and borrowed Colours. But in this case men prove partial Censurers, not Friends, requiring Judgment instead of Affection; envying to the Lover that most happy Errour, which gives him his greatest satisfaction. Suffer him to impose that most honest deceit upon himself, and to form in his Minde a more Majestical resemblance of Her, whom he has there decreed more seriously to contemplate, and to worship more devoutly. 'Tis the custom of Painters to pensil Faces not like, but fairer,

C

and

and to flatter the Original ; polishing his workmanship rather according to the reflexion of the Mirrour, than after the real Representative.

Believe me, we are not to think that Lovers have lost their Eyes, which are only overshadow'd with a Vail, through which they take their prospect more clearly and securely. Nevertheless you may think them three quarters shut, as in persons taking aim, that they may more judiciously discern; and being fix'd upon one Object, they are not only purblind to all others, but loath the sight of them, and quite close up themselves. Now when the Eyes are wholly intent upon one Object, and employ all their quickness and vigour upon that, resolving, as it were for the nonce, not to contemplate any thing else; this is not to be dim, but too quick-sighted. So that if to Philosophize be only to *contemplate Idea's*, then is it the particular work and office of Philosophie,



to Love. Nay, if a man may be said to love as much as he understands, then that which is accounted the madness of Passion, that is to say, to be ready to dye for Love, may be adjudg'd an Argument of Knowledge. Do but consider the Stratagems and Sieges of *Lovers*, equal even to the Assaults upon Cities, and winning of Kingdoms. Behold the Virgins daily led in Triumph, as the Trophies of so many wilie Ingenuities, whom there was a necessity of deceiving, before they could be taken captive, and brought to an unwilling submission to their Admirers desires. So odly do they choose rather to be deluded than belov'd: As if they look'd upon the Shackles of Wile and Fallacy to be the forerunners to the Fetters of Embraces. Consider how many great Wits the word *Mistriss* has inspir'd; how many Lyricks *Amorous Desire* has begot; how extravagantly the rage of wounded Hearts has taught the *Epi-*

*grammatist* to wantonize. Then, emulous of so much glory, thou wilt cry, *Give me an object to love*: And then instead of *Apollo*, the Darling of *Venus* shall become thy Deity. He is in an Errour, whoever he be, that believes those things to be the raving Dotages of a distracted Minde, which are the Mysteries of divine Fury. Thus the God of Love himself prosperously governs the violence of his Actions, though contrary to Reason. His right hand never misses when he shoots the Hearts of Mortals, though blinde, and never aiming at the mark: For the hand is not govern'd by the Eye, but by an Inward and Divine Impulse. Neither is *Love* led by Reason, but by something more Celestial than Reason; and as a *Deity*, that avoids Reason, which might cause him to erre, acts by a more certain Violence, and is wise without Wisdome.

*To be wise, and to Love, how harmoniously do they accord together! The first*

first, in the first place, is the Attribute of *Jove* himself; and next to him, of a Prudent man, who, like an Oracle, can unfold *Who is the best of Mortals* : For it is impossible for any but the *best of Men to love*. He is the only *Lover*, whose Sentence, like that of Fate, is irrevocable. He cannot be said to love, whose Judgment fail'd, whose Embraces ever err'd, or who at any time had an incumbent Necessity to hate.

The Conjugal Obligation of Lovers, like solemn Wedlock, admits of no Divorce. When the Maiden-Girdle is once unloos'd, that same Knot is knit, which is never to be untied; though like the *Gordian* Noose, it may be sometimes cut asunder. So though the ties of Souls may be cut asunder by Death, they cannot be by Death unloosed. Love ceases not, though the thing beloved cease. A Wife shall not seem old, when she is really in years; for still that Form,

now withered and decayed, shall flourish in the faithful breast of her Husband ; and she that hath so far suffer'd a change, as to be almost unknown, shall still remain in memory belov'd. Then also when the Fates have snatch'd away the Mistress of my heart, as if only separated by intervals of absence, then shall she surviving breathe in my never-forgotten breast : and while I embrace the beloved Apparition, I will deny her dead. Fond *Destinies* ! ye have spent your Malice in vain ; we still converse, and still are two. From others ye have forced a Virgin, from me not so much as a Shade. Before, we enjoy'd only the same Soul ; now, Body and Soul together. She is reunited to us as to her particular Sphere.

Now Love may seem to have finish'd his Circle, who always returns in that manner to the place from whence he sets forth, as if he intended with his perpetual Motion to imitate the Celestial

stial Circumgyration ; so ending in himself, that he may begin again. For he cannot be said to Love, who can at any time either slacken, or not love at all. There is not the same determination or satiety of Love, as of other things ; neither is it satisfied like Hunger or Thirst. Love is not extinguish'd by satisfaction, but re-inflam'd with new delights, and every day findes new objects of pleasure in his beloved Features. He takes perpetual recreation, a perpetual greediness seizes him, and he always findes something yet farther to desire. Like a minde devoted to Contemplation, or like the Heaven it self, he moves perpetually, never rests ; never weary, but refreshed by toyl : thus the end of one Benefit is the step to the next, which taking its rise from a redoubled heat, first cherishes the person, and then its own favours.

Love ought to be immortal, whether as consecrated to Eternity, or

whether it be, because he always supplies the Misfortunes that happen by Death. For who knows not, that the Death and last Will of a Lover both go together, while the expiring Lover breaths out his Soul, to be read in his last sigh, whereby he constitutes her the sole Heiress, sending back all his Affections thither from whence he last departed? With whom it fares, as with the antient Philosophers, to be hurried out of themselves, to enjoy a perpetual extasie of Life; and to be depriv'd of their own Souls, that anothers may take their place. *Pythagoras* as a Lover, not as a Philosopher, makes me believe the Transmigration of the Soul. Which in a fleeting posture, as it were at pleasure laying aside her proper Vestments, and putting off the Spoils of the Body, hastens to more delightful Mansions, and a fairer Entertainment, as it were to another *Elysium*. There is no man happy before this decease, of which *Love* and *Philosophy* are

are the Cause : while this from the Body frees the Soul, pleasingly swooning away in Contemplation ; the former sends it forth to the Embraces of new *Amours*. Thence a loathing, hence the flight and *Exit* of its self ; both ways eagerly desiring a hasty dissolution , as if covetous to perish like the *Arabian Wonder*. We finde, that among some of the nicer sort of Ladies, upon the first sight of a noble Structure , there is a distaste and haughtie disdain of the Building; then a peregrination to those flowry Canopies, wherein because they had not the chance to be born, they are willing to abide as Strangers, and wax old together ; or rather to be born again, by renewing the first principles of Life. Whoever denies these to be the Excursions of Transmigrating Souls, let him more attentively consider, how the Soul still directs herself to that part, where she may approach nearest to her Lover. If two  
Lovers

Lovers joyn right Hands, you would swear their Souls were to be felt in their Fingers, and that they mutually interweav'd themselves together. If they close side to side, you shall perceive their very Bowels to leap for joy, and the mustering Spirits taking the alarm, assembled together in a body, beat and salute each other with frequent Pulses, and as it were strive to make way by breaking Prison. I would fain know what secret Charm that is, which summons all the blood into the Face, at the sight of the beloved Object, and causes the discoverer of the wound to flie upon the Assassinate; just as the blood of a slain Corpse bursts forth at the appearance of the Homicide, returning the wound to him that gave it: The purple stream, by what Instinct I know not, here hastening to Revenge, there speeding to apply the most present Remedy. Behold how greedily those souls that stand Sentinel in the Ears, catch



catch the Sounds, and presently convert themselves into the same. The spirits interchange in the mixture of words, and enter into those very wishes which the Tongue expresses. Those Souls that with a continued succession dart themselves from the Eyes, consume themselves with gazing, and languish away with frequent beholding. To all true Lovers, it is the same thing to speak and to expire, to see and to abandon himself, to behold and transmigrate into the Object. Thus the whole man speeding to make his *Exit*, throws himself sometimes into the Eye, sometimes into the Ear; and only lives in that part, where he enjoys the object of his Love. Thus *Love* compels men to live more contractedly, and like some imperfect Animals to be contented with one Sence; and yet this <sup>is</sup> to render a man not imperfect, but more Divine, by how much he requires the fewer Instruments of Life.

However, the Soul is advantaged  
by

by the Bodies loss. For by a certain extension of its Spiritual Bulk, that which seem'd confined to one Breast, now governs two ; as if it had two Lives. Distracted between two Bodies, it scarcely knows for which it was first formed ; such is the Increase that all true *Love* produces. As it fares with people that have drank over-hard, all things appear double to Lovers : but no otherwise double, than as the Eyes are so ; of which there is but one only Motion, one Sight alone. You may see two so closely folded in each others embraces, that they seem to be but one. 'Tis the same thing which desires and is desired ; that knows not whether it love more truly, or be beloved more ardently ; that cannot be said so much to enjoy, as to be converted into the wish itself. Ah ! bountiful *Cupid*, thou play'st foul play, while thou hidest within my Breast what I desire to embrace. Thou art too favourable ; act somewhat more rigidly ;

rigidly ; order it so, that we may be two, that we may finde our selves to be what we would be. In vain I beg ; excess of Enjoyment will not suffer it : It cannot be ; I would divide what is but still the same. To will and nill the same thing , affords much of Vanity and Irfomness, nothing of Consortship. While we consult, we only mutually agree ; we do not mutual Offices of Kindness , but incorporate our pleasure. I seem to embrace a shadow for my Mistress , that presses close at my heels, and imitates my footsteps. Forbear, my *Fairest*, I beseech thee , more neer to me than my self ; order it so, that we may wish well to each other, but love less. By how much the more simple and uncompounded every thing is , by so much the more perfect it is. Not to be comprehended , circumscribed either by Number or Place , is the mark of a Deity. Whatever is Best, and most supremely Chief, ought to be singly one.

As Love therefore has this mark of Perfection, that is to say, Unity in an high degree; so is it dignified with another badge of Perfection, to be *Communicative*. For whatsoever is perfect, has this strange way to multiply and increase, by distributing and dealing it self into many parts. This is one part of his Revenue, that he enriches and advances others. Hence it was that this bountiful Deity, born for the tutelage of Humane Kinde, as prone to Love, as worthy to be beloved of all men, first instituted that generous sort of Liberalitie, to give himself to another; which is the good that may be called mans *Propriety*, and is his primitive Gift. Other Gifts are not to be accounted our own, that is to say, the Graces and Favours of Heaven and Fortune; which are no more in our power to bestow, than to give away the Sun, or the common Air we breath, and onely enjoy by permission.

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Whoever loves, approaches nearest to the Deity, and, like the Deity, makes this his only business, *To do good*. No less therefore than they who boast corporeal Strength, do they who prevail in Vigour of Minde; feel in themselves the titillations of generation, that is to say, of Speaking and VVriting, which are [the travails of the Brain, and a chaste desire to propagate Virtue. For the wrestling Inward Soul, and throbbing Spirits, compel fruitful Capacities to powre themselves forth, as the inward heat of Fountains forces up the boyling water. So far is Love from proceeding of VVant, that it rather seems to be Opulency it self, whose chieft aim is the relief of Nature; unless any one will account the Remedies Distempers, because they are joyn'd with the diseases. VVe are to complain of the distresses and straits of Nature, since Love has indulg'd us this noble Commerce of Humane Kinde, whereby  
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every one delivers himself, and takes another ; and whatever is divine in another , he transfers into his own Coffers : the Heir to anothers wealth, and supplying his wants from the abundance of his female Friend.

And yet I am deceived, or there is no Traffick in Friendship, neither is this the true Rule of Love, *Love that thou maist be beloved. Gratis*, and not in hopes of Gain, we give freely away to another, this same Thing, whatever we are ; yet with a desire of communicating, though it be our hap to change. For what more liberal and free Examples of Loving, than those of *God* and Parents ? VVhose Affections, above all Gratitude, can only be ador'd, but never retaliated. Yet where all endeavour of Gratitude might well be adjudg'd malapert and impossible, there are some glimpses of a submissive return, while the VVorshipper of a Deity makes him in some measure to be a God by Adoration.

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And who from his Parents receives a short use of Life, repays him with a posthumous *being*, no less the Heir than Guardian of his transmitted Soul. Behold the Vine, more truly *Cupid's* than *Bacchus's* tree, how with a thousand Arms, a thousand Embraces, it courts the Oak her Husband, to the end she may afford to him, by whom she is supported, a more plentiful Ornament and Succour. She loads him with no other burthens than juicie Pearls, and shade to defend from the Injuries of the weather him that sustains her. Love never seeks, but brings assistance. So that it is a mark of Grandeur, and the grand Difference of those above, more willingly, more gladly to *love*, than be beloved.

Hence then, you who believe, that like the feeble beasts, men only propagate for safety, rather than for Friendships sake. Know, that *Love*, whom once you thought a *Boy*, is

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now grown up to Maturity. Know, that to these Mysteries whatever is infirm, or of weak and tender years, is forbidden to approach. Neither Children, nor Old-men, nor above all, any of perverse and froward Disposition, are to serve under *Cupid's* Banners. What an inequality of Combat is that, where it will be a shame either to vanquish or overcome, where to flie will be more honourable? What League or Commerce can there be between those, who have nothing in common but only this, *That they live?*

And why should that wanton Age be admitted, that changes Companions like the Sports it uses? In whom not to understand the Causes of Love and Hatred, is the Merit of their Innocence, and a Vertue deserving Pity? Which as it renders to all Parents equal Duty and Affection, deserves for that reason their Parents Indulgence.

What should we do with that other  
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over-rigid fag-end of Life , no less troubleſom to its ſelf than others ? That Age which only doats upon a Staff, and takes a piece of Wood for a Man, to ſupport himſelf ; who is as often angry as his Gout rages , and querulouſly imputes his Diſeaſes, as Crimes, to his Friend ? Who with a Minde, as trembling and ſhivering as his Body , ſuſpects all People and all Sexes. He fears all Kindneſſes, as devices to enſnare him. To ſeek to pleaſe him, is to aſt the Surgeon, and embalm the dead. He envies me the Sports of Youth, or elſe corrects them according to the Exemplar of his paſt Life. He blames my actions, that he may applaud his own, too neerly my Rival. You'd think him crazed, to hear him repeat the Stories of his Youth, and make his own Epitaphs. Nay, he continually chides and bauls at me, becauſe I am not as old as he, that we may dye together. I ſeem to ſtand before a Magiſtrate,

not a Companion. What man, more cruel than *Mezentius*, would espouse dead Carcases to warm Embraces? or disturb the Pleasures of Life with maundring Counsel and unseasonable Advice? What unequal Judge is that, who would command me to live backward with a man of another Age? VVith whom to live in familiarity, is a Crime; to reverence, is to proscribe him without the bounds of *Love* and *Laws* of Humanity, by a kinde of Canonization. To whom this only remains, to intrigue themselves with the Amours of others, to intermix their Precepts and Directions like Philters, to teach and wish. For these poor Creatures only twinkle like an expiring Snuff; they live only to shew they have lived; and usurp the Torches of *Hymen*, to grace their Funeral-Pomp, and light 'em to their Graves.

But when Youth and Beauty court each other, there is the perfection of delight. For true Love is a desire of  
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real Beauty ; which real Beauty is not humane and mortal , but immortal and divine. So that they who associate with this divine Beauty, live not in this world, but as it were in Heaven, like so many Deities. For they are a sort of Deities , who despise mortal things as *divine* ; and aspire to divine things as *mortal*. Now for a Man to love a beautiful Woman , is not to love another, but in part to love himself, or rather the other half of himself. For Man at first had two Faces, four Hands, four Feet, and all other Members alike ; but afterwards he was divided into two Sexes , as now he remains, by *Jupiter* , against whom he adventur'd to rebel. But misliking this Separation, and willing to return to his first estate , as they rose upon their feet , both the halves closed together again , as they have done ever since ; and this is called *loving* and *being loved*. For when a Man loves a Woman, he seeks his other half ; and

the same thing do Women, when they fix their Affections upon Men.

However, this is the supreme Office of Reason, to make a right choice of Disposition and Conditions; to choose a Companion with whom we are sure to live with more delight than with our selves; whose judgment we may be sure to follow as our own: or else to stay till we can finde a proper Object of Love. Then also so to love, like one who is guided by Judgment, not carried away by Passion; like one so far from ceasing, that he is always beginning to *Love*. This is to joyn Patience with Constancy. This is to receive the *Idea* more fairly imprinted in the Minde, than in Wax, and to preserve more stedfastly. 'Tis the Office of Vertue, to determine upon one measure of wishing; to covet a disposition and inclination like his own, through all the changes of Fortune; and so to make two of one, that they may act the same person. They are to  
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be such, as of necessity ought to have the same Will, having no other Desires but what are virtuous and noble. There ought also to be an exact Communion, because they are to impart the Virtues which they possess, without Envy; and therefore eagerly desire to communicate the Riches of the Minde. It being the part of a candid Soul, like the Light of Heaven, to lavish it self with a perpetual Prodigality. It is a firmer Bond, than the *Stoic's* Chain of the Fates, which creates the alliance of Souls, not so much to have the same Parent, as to have the same Original of Life, that is to say, *Reason*; and which has a more vital vigour to be fill'd with the same honest Affections, rather than with the same Blood: that the Heart should be smitten with the same Desires, rather than that the Arteries should spin the same Spirits. 'Tis a small thing to believe the same Soul, only somewhat separated in two Bodies, to

have the same Thoughts in two Minds. There can be no distraction of thoughts, where there is nothing left to make a distinction of Two. For whatever distinguishes, at length separates ; nay sometimes propinquity of Alliance begets a fiercer Enmity, which often happens among half Kindred.

In vain do Vices imitate the leagues and ties of Friendship, as they endeavour to ape several other acts of Vertues. In vicious men, to have the same Delights, as well as to have the same Mistresses, kindles Hatred out of Love. To have the same Benefits, (though this sounds more religiously, than to have the same Parents ) ill grounded upon familiarity, feeds Envy ; and begets louder brawls, than those of Crows or Goheirs, that mutually prey upon each other. There are none that will envy them, but admire how they came together : rather they will deny any Complacency between them, but only as it fares with those

those that sail both in one Ship, whom Fears and Dangers knit together ; who are no sooner come ashore, but their Friendship shipwracks, as if they had met with a Land-storm ; and their affection to Trade rather than Friendship, separates some one way, some another. With what Fidelity can they agree with others, whom nothing of Kindness, but a loathing of themselves, have constrained to this custome of Society ? With much ado they endure themselves, and strive to shun themselves among the Croud ; not out of any delight, but to ease themselves as much as lies in their power. For who can please them, who are displeased with themselves ? Who abominate undefil'd conditions, and unlike their own, and dread them, as the Guilty do the Seat of Justice. Emulous manners (as if they fear'd to be try'd by Imitation) as Rivals, lest they should be excluded, they utterly exclude, and like the deformed, fly the sight of the

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Mirroure. This is the first punishment of Improbability, by her own Sentence to be condemn'd among men to the most desert of Solitudes, and unfaithful Society : with much labour to act all things in vain ; by Obsequiousness to purchase the favour of others ; to let out his mercenary Soul to Flattery ; diligently to court his Friends, but no otherwise than as we clean our shoes, and take care of our Cattle, that they be the more serviceable to us : to toil for his own sake, to meet with Ingratitude in the midst of his profusion ; and among all these Allurements of Fortune, to fear and doubt, and be tormented with a hatred and loathing of himself. Who would chuse him for his other self, whom he sees to be his Adversary ? Or who would accept the severe Favour of him, whom he cannot love with the same Affection as he loves himself ? Whose most serene looks, like those of *Mars* or *Fortune*, he ought to fear ; and timorously enjoy



joy his own Joys as snares, or Pleasures perishing with the next Sun and Winde. Methinks I see Twins at strife with each other, the Embraces of Wrestlers, the Countenances of Divorcements; contrary flights, always avoyding each other. Hence, thou Prodigy of *Venus*; Nature abhors those more than Monsters, being the Copulations and mixtures of Creatures of various kinds: Who like the antient Emperours, Married solemnly for a time; but when the humour was over, dissolved their Nuptials, and renewed their Divorces as often as the heat of their desire cool'd. Whose Favours continue but the short space of a Banquet, which presently dismisses the Guests when their Bellies are full: Who are altogether ignorant of what they so eagerly desire; an accidental Affection, springing from the Rage of Desire, as *Venus* formerly from the rage of the Sea. Sustain'd by the Drunkenness of Error, but voluntarily  
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condemn'd, so soon as they come to themselves. I may say indeed, that whosoever loves through violence of Passion or Distemper, may be thought to burn and rage like men in Feverish Fits, but never truly to consent, or harmoniously to agree.

It was not for the maintenance of Luxury, but for the Instruction of the world, that Nature, like *Lycurgus*, provided by a more severe Edict, that no person should be without his Friend. Prudently done, that the same Necessity should be imposed upon us, of Living and Loving; and that the same Heat should cherish and inflame the Hearts of Men. Thus the *Epicureans*, who could think themselves secure without the Protection of the Gods, could not live without *Love*, the Fear and Religion whereof render'd their Lives more pleasant. So prone we are rather to feign than confess a Deity. And because it is natural to us, to be acted by the Instinct of *Love* and *Pie-*

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ty; by the same Zeal of Superstition, lest we should want an Object of Veneration, we adopt into our Friendship Dogs, Cats, and whatever idle *Egypt* worshipt. Nay, for want of Woers, the impatient *Gellia* commits Adultery with her own reflexion in the Looking-Glass; and what *Egypt* would have been asham'd of, a more filthy creature than all the Monsters of *Nile*, she falls in lustful Love with her self: in this only to be pardon'd, for that the same Madness possesses all Mortals, rather to love insipidly than not at all. Other Affections, being either at our own disposal, or wasting with their own violence, easily vanish. Grief, if it doth not give way to Reason, yields to Time or Hatred. *Hatred* itself reproach'd by crabbed Choler, or stifled by Fear, grows first of all displeasing to it self. Fear also, if other Remedies are wanting, may be oppressed by the evils themselves; and overcome by its own weight, may be cured by  
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**Insensibility.** Anger also, the fiercest of all the Passions, tamely changes into a kinde of Clemency; or being satisfied, buries its fury in the wound. This is the only Passion that riots in Adversity, and wantonizes in Oppression: not born, like the rest, to be extinguish'd; but being content to cease, it passes into Necessity and a voluntary Fate. Spontaneously it disrobes it self of that Liberty, which it has consum'd in choosing that, which with a perpetual desire it may both possess and prosecute: what is distasteful, it may at some time utterly hate. For what shame or curb can there be upon Desire, whose wishes though erroneous, yet with an ingenuous Errour, aspire to what they think the noblest of all things? He is also esteemed the most unworthy, who is not mad beyond all measure; who coveting more, still thinks he covets not enough; and more enjoying, believes he enjoys not enough; in vain applauding

plauding himself as always happy.

So it is, Nature has by the same E-  
dict ordained, that we should love  
none, or not the best. The first of  
which is, with an inhumane Pride to  
condemn all humane Kinde. The other  
is the worst sort of Parricide, to make  
away with himself; who having the  
choice of Life, who being the Arbiter  
of his own Nativity, when it is in  
his power to create himself anew in  
another, had rather perish. There is  
but one Kingdome of the Heart, like  
that of *Alexander*, which is due to the  
best; whom to finde out, is well worth  
the labour of Life. A person en-  
dow'd with all the perfections of Hu-  
manity, adorn'd with the whole *Hyper-  
bole* of Vertue, which we may either  
meet with or feign; which man has  
only the liberty to know, not to pos-  
sess. Such an one, that when we have  
form'd in our impossible Wishes, we  
shall finde at length to be, either an  
*Idea* or a Deity. But now you'll say,  
we

we have imagined one too worthy, as to be above being lawful to be beloved, as being only fit for Adoration. That which is worthy of Love, is more worthy of being worship'd. These flames are only due to Altars. Nature indulg'd this desire, which she is not able to satisfy, as a reproach to herself. But lest that should become a Torment, which she intended as one of her chiefest Graces; whatever is wanting in the things themselves, she would have supplied by our Imagination and Opinion, that at least we may be happy in our Frenzy. We are deluded by the supposititious Fucus or false colouring of Beauty, and are deceived, before we seem happy. Like *Pigmalion*, we fall in love with the Statue which we have made, not believing it to be carved, but begotten. Deluded by the Darkness of our own Mist, we embrace our Cloud for *Juno*: and it delights us to be deceived. So natural it is to Humanity to fail, to

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erre and be beguil'd. The Imposture is not put upon our Misfortunes, but upon our Wishes ; to the end the Deceit may more gainfully delight than the juggles of Accomptants, and enrich with a specious sort of Gain. For that indeed we are more certainly happy in our Credulity, and as it happens among many , we are richer in the same and opinion of our Wealth, than in the ampleness of our Fortunes. Most auspicious Gifts, not of Fortune, but of Imagination ! Oh Prodigie of Riches never to be foregone , as oft as we think it requisite to be angry with the Gods , or jeast with Fortune ! Which no Violence nor no other opinion can ravish from us, but only to supply us with more. Let it be so, let Variety delight Opinion , as the Sister of Fortune or Nature ; yet shall she not admit Monsters for varieties sake. She does not wantonnize in this Levity , but strives to supply the defect of things. For the Vicissitudes

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of Affections and things, are composed for Solace and Remedy, not for nice inspection. 'Tis not mans fault, but the Reproach and Infelicity of Nature, that we reprehend the wandering and alternative humours of Love. That put off their old Friends, like their old Gloaths; that slightly taste Men, as Bees do Flowers. To whom because we propound a Sceptical Love, it cannot be thought Inconstancy, but Judgment, to wander with delight, and sip from all Plants, that of which they can never finde enough. There is nothing that deserves a long Embrace. Those things we so much boast of, are not Vertues, but the shadows of Vertue: which like Pictures that are to be lookt on at a distance, will not endure a near, a close survey. The whole name of Constancy is not so much worth, that I should not admire clearer Merits; that I should not regard the greater Stars, because I was once born under lesser; that I should  
love



love my Diseases and Distempers, lest I should be said to have changed my former Condition ; that I should submit to Chance, or what more often erres, my own Judgment, as to a certain Destiny. Suffer me, pray now, more vehemently to admire these particles of a Diviner Genius, which first astonish'd me in thee, grown to a riper perfection in another. Permit those progresses in Love, which thou thy self hast begot, cherish'd up. Thou who hast taught me to prefer the candor of thy Minde, before the Snow of Lillies ; and rude Sincerity, before soft but over-foolish Courtesie, hast now taught me, upon the sight of a brighter splendour, to despise thee ; unless from thence I may not seem so much to contemn, as to adore thee, under a most illustrious Image. Thus lesser Tapers are not extinguished, but out-shone ; and less Stars for shame abscond themselves, when a more splendid Constellation rises. Why dost thou

invoke the Faith of Gods and Men ?  
 Thou art belov'd by me on this condition , while thou either art , or seemest to me to be beyond compare, the best of all.

Behold the insensible Love-sports of Nature ! behold how she has excited the worst of all her pieces to workmanship to the best of Actions, out of an admiration of a more excellent Beauty. It was the Will of Nature, conscious to her self of Injury , and shameful sloath, which oftner brings forth Abortives, than perfect Births : and therefore she has endued them with an Operative Faculty, to enable them to come nearer their *Idea's*, and owe their own polishing to themselves. Hence the *Marigold*, though fixed in the Earth, follows the flight of the Sun ; and sucking in his Beams with a greedy appetite, becomes a vegetable Star. With the same emulous Ardour while the Stones imbibe the Ethereal flames, they receive a con-gealed

gealed Brightness and solid Light; and they that were the excrements of a hard and rigid heap, become Jewels, and shine no less in the Rock, than in the Lovers Rings. By this alluring Art, while the Ocean admits as well the Image as the Motion of the Moon, it seems to correspond with the Intelligence of the Celestial Orb. By this lovely Envy, while Iron is drawn away, as it were with admiration of the Magnet, by and by becomes the Magnet it self; it exercises all its Operations, and draws, as it was drawn before. Though Philosophers were wanting, we have the Mathematical waves, that tell us of the Eclipses of the Moon, more certainly than the *Ephemerides*. We have your Astronomer-Flowers, that teach us the Motion of the Sun, and instead of Dyals, shew us the time of the Day. And though there were no Spectators of this Theatre, yet is universal Nature ravish'd with a Veneration of it self:

And as both the Eyes of the World, so both Worlds contemplate and feed themselves with the mutual sight of each other. Nature hath ever provided for her affairs, by committing the World to the Guardianship of Love ; so that an idle Deity may be either denied or contemned.

But when other things are so order'd , as to receive and want , only Man knows how to love. In those things she has only rough drawn an imperfect Affection, to practise in lesser things, what she intended to bring to perfection in Man. Though I confess this Affection of men hath the same original and growth, as man himself ; being as it were at several births endow'd with Life, Sense and Reason. For Love at first unfeather'd, creeps along by the instinct of formless Sympathy ; then it comes to use the wings of Desire ; after that it matures to Manhood, becomes Reason, which was before the violence of Passion, or the weight

weight of the predominant Element. For while the Infant-heat sits brooding in the Heart, ere it has hatch'd the panting sparks, Desire dares hardly give credit to itself. When the new-wounded Heart, uncertain of the Smiters hand, or of the hurt itself, feels the pains of Infants, when their Teeth first cut their Gums: but when Desire encreasing, they begin to kiss and bill, then Ring-doves you behold, not Men: When in wanton Contentions they make their Amorous moans, then you hear the Turtles voice, who being by Nature compos'd to Kindness, with a harmless Affection prosecute their innocent Loves, while Dolphins and Lizzards prefer humane kinde. But a more generous Passion seizes Men whose flames are of full maturity, though blinde enough perhaps. By this blinde force, like the *Idalian* Doves with their eyes sealed up, we are carried upward, and ignorantly strive with all our might to

reach Heaven, as our Nest. In this manner do the very Vices of Lovers shew a nature covetous of Divinity, and the very Errours of this Affection breathe somewhat immortal. So that that more impure Desire which derides the Nuptials of the Virtues, and the Copulation of Mindes, that seeks for something to fill its embraces, and worships *Venus*, though threatning Storms and Shipwrack to its Nativity, seems to be inflam'd not so much with the Tapers of *Hymen*, as with the desire of Eternity; while it so eagerly seeks to survive itself, and by a continued series, of Succession to survive itself. He, whom a Supper makes thee his Friend, and a Morfel causes to fawn upon thee like a Beast, who loves thy Daſinties, not thee: He that values Man, as he values his Farm, and exercises mercenary Love with a trafficking Soul; the one makes use of Love like Money, but the Money of the Gods, by means whereof we traffick  
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sick with Heaven, and enrich ourselves with Divinity ; the other enjoys his Love for the advantage of Luxury and Banquets : for Love is accounted the Nectar of the Gods. Both certainly with less Covetousness provide for their own advantage, whether he that seeks for a Patrimony, or for food out of Affection, than he who with a liberal Minde hastens to give away perishing Riches, and to transfer them out of the reach of Fortune or Fate, before they are quite decay'd. Who though he expect no return of Gratitude, yet carries off a vast gain, which is, *That he hath done a Kindness* ; So that although he gave greatly away, yet his recompence is much larger, that is, *Vertue*. Great Gifts, and such as Modesty almost forbids us to receive, are more profitable to the Donor, either because they render him the more rever'd , as from whom little things are not expected ; or because he bestows a Benefit more necessary than that

that of *Jove*, or the Sun itself; as from whom Benefits are lookt upon as Debts, paid by him out of Duty and Custome; whose Munificence is such, as if he intended to loose the benefit of Thanks, through the largeness and frequency of his Bounty.

What shall I think of him, that seeks to please, and not to love? Whom I visit like a Summer-tree, which affords me leasure and shade, but of no use in the depth of Winter; to whom we that love more severely, are often us'd: thunder out this Saying, The name of *Friend*, like that of *Wife*, is a name of Dignity, not of Pleasure. Thou hast invented a new Delight, beyond that of embracing. By this sort of Wantonness, worse than that of the Stews, thou hast deflowr'd *Love* it self. Diligently to please, is the Art of Flatterers, and the alluring venome of Harlotrie Society: Splendidly to entertain, is the Intrigue of those that fish for  
their



their own ends ; to soothe with Bribes,  
 the common trick of Suitors ; the Ru-  
 diment of loving, not the life of Lo-  
 vers. Far be it from us to believe  
 him to be a Friend , whom while we  
 desire , he is a torment to us ; when  
 we enjoy him, irksome. Yet they are  
 not far out of the way , who believe  
 all *Lovers* inhabit *Elysium* , and that  
 Flowers spring up, wherere they tread.  
 There are no other Joys in Heaven,  
 than to *Love* and be Belov'd ; no other  
 upon Earth. That divine Flame which  
 makes the *Empyreum* , and is to be the  
 Happiness of our future Life , shall be  
 the only Solace of this. All other  
 things we suffer ; those only we enjoy,  
 which we pluck up by force with our  
 wishes, which we chuse, and for whose  
 sake we endure all other Hardships.  
 In Storms we see the Brethren *Twins* ,  
 with an earnest gladness rejoycing to-  
 gether , and bringing no less liquid  
 Joys to the Saylor's than to themselves ;  
 but having joyn'd their Lights , they  
 loose

loose themselves in their Embraces, and become Twins again. We have seen the Favourites of *Venus* encompass'd with a Cloud, like young Brides under their silken Veils, led to their wishes with a more secret Triumph. We confess, there is in Love something more potent than Misery, more Majestical than Honour, more splendid than Riches, more delightful than Pleasure; for whose sake we despise all those things; for whose sake on the other side we do not contemn, but have those things in Veneration. It enjoys that Priviledge of Majesty, that no Ignominy can touch it: rather it frees from Infamy, and renders glorious the very stains and blemishes of Life. Hence it comes to pass, that the Thirteenth Labour of *Hercules* is so much applauded, and that it is reckon'd among his praise-worthy deeds to have handled a Distaff, as well as brandish'd his Club; wherewith, after he had vanquish'd all other wilde  
Beasts,

Beasts, it remain'd for him to tame that Monster *Woman*. Why do we admire those immaculate Rays of *Phæbus*, since the Tapers of *Hymen* give a lustre to sordid things, being never themselves defil'd?

Why does the famish'd Soul so solicitously seek Divinity in things below, if it bring Divinity along with it? And indeed whatever we love, all that is Deity; *Whatever thou desirest is Jupiter*. How? Does *Jupiter* buy and sell for that sordid person stamp'd all over, that admits no Companion without a Dowry? Yes; but *Jupiter* thundering under the shape of Gold, and the Deity converted into a *Price*. How, Does *Jupiter* itch with a libidinous Desire? Yes; but *Jupiter* in the shape of a Satyr, and the Deity converted into *Semeleian* flames. *Jupiter* invites himself to Supper; but *Jupiter* lurking under the soft Down of a beautiful Swan. *Jupiter* is luxurious, but 'tis the *Ganymedeian Jupiter*, bedew'd

dew'd with *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*. The Poets were not altogether deceived. Our *Loves* and *Amours*, not those of *Jupiter*, transform'd the Deity into these conceited Disfigurements.

But because volatile and wandering Love is never at a stay till it come to the top, or pleasingly discern'd, believes itself there arriv'd, when it is always the companion of the chiefest Good; or as if it were the chiefest, it ought to acquiesce in this one thing, and travel earnestly toward this, as Souls covet Heaven, or Fire the Center. He will have no leasure to tend the Allurements of new Felicity, if there be any such: He will not endure to love another, nor so much as himself; he will complain that he is below his own desires, and so overmuch wanting to that which fills and wears with overmuch desire; and after he has wholly set his minde upon one, yet cannot finde he has done enough, it remains that he must be cruel to all,  
but

but *Stoics* and Monks. Hence Monster of *Syracuse*, who invented a new Tyranny, a third degree of Friendship. Who could not endure to murder a pair of Friends, but endeavoured to separate them; and to intercept the Fidelity which he had emulated, of a Tyrant, being become a Rival. Tell me, Tyrant, if thou cam'st a threefold Lover to these Twins, which wouldst thou first receive into thy Bosome? If thou challengest the equal Embraces of both: Suppose one of them to be led to Death, which wouldst thou choose, to dye with the one, or live with the other? I finde thee at a loss, like a piece of Iron between two Loadstones, detain'd from both, upon the confines of the two Elections. Foolishly thou desir'st to live and dye both at a time. Equality of Affection amuses a Lover about to adhere to neither, yet to both. The one expects thy tears, the other would have thee laugh. Toward the one over-faithful  
and

and officious , toward the other impious. So that the Minde thus torn in several pieces, like *Metius*, deservedly merits the punishment of *Metius* for its Perjury. Consider well Loves Dominion, or his Submission (for certainly these new *Eteocle's* and *Poly-nice's*, command and obey by turns) there is in both somewhat singular, they will not admit of two Masters. If thou supposest *Love* to be a God, he has but one Heaven. If Fire, Fire has but one Sphere. If Death, the Gods forbid us to expire often; and not above once to deposite our Souls in the bosome of another, having allow'd us but once to live. If thou callest a Lover the Representation, Coin, or Seal of the Party beloved, which take their form and price from the Image; the Mirrour can be enliven'd but with one Effigies at a time; the Coin is to carry the Face but of one Lord or Prince; the Seal closes up the Epistle to all but one. But if in Friendship  
you

Does this Affection then, which has distinguish'd Humane Society from the herding of Beasts, bring Men about again to *Stoic* Barbarism, which is the contempt of all men? Must the the rest of Mankind be hated, to love one? Heavens forbid. There is nothing more kinde, nothing more benigne than Friendship and Philosophy, nothing more the support of the World (except the Deity.) Minds already soft, easie, and prone to Affability, behave themselves without Severity or Perverseness to all others. They diffuse their beams like *Phæbus*, who guilds *Rhodes* with a more peculiar Light. The party beloved is dedicated to the Lover, no otherwise than a Book; sent to one, but to be read by all. We congratulate those candid Souls,

who

who like the Gods , cherish with their favourable Influence , not one person, but all humane Kinde. Who like our first Parents, look upon all Nations as one Family ; or as if their Minds were equal to the extent of the Terrestrial Globe , love all the World as their native Country. But this we do not call Friendship, but a certain Benevolence, and uncertain *Humanity*. Neither do we blame this, or receive it with less candour, than what we practise toward Enemies ; but we would restrain those luxurious and Court-like Affections, that pride themselves in number of Salutes, and bands of Followers ; that hunt after these Ensignes as well of Grandeur as Virtue, sweating in the crouds of their Retainers. But it is the humour of your haughty Ladies , and suspected for their Chastity , by a dissembled Obsequiousness to lye in wait for the Affections of others ; merry toward all , but kinde onely to one ; to give  
nods



nods of distinction sometimes to one, sometimes to another; to distribute up and down their alluring Looks; to scatter and divide their enticing Smiles; lastly, as it were to swoon away; and having caught the prey, to withdraw both the bait and the allurements. A most wicked sort of Pride, to number the herds of Lovers among Female Riches and the Revenues of Beauty.

But because he cannot endure to love less, and more he cannot love, whoever is inflam'd to the highest with a genuine fire; nor is it enough for him to labour under a disgust of others, unless he also loath himself; denying the division of his flames as well to himself, as to others; therefore he freezes within his own proper Sphere, and in the midst of those fires wherein he breaths, grows stark and benumm'd, like the cold Salamander. For that his Soul, being altogether departed from, and forgetful of its self, he fears all things in his Friends behalf,

half; in regard of himself, nothing, but only lest he should fail in any part of his duty. While he deceives himself, he is wise for another, and submits himself to Fate, or to a better Guardianship, the Providence of his Friend. Who on the other side, alternatively takes care of him, fears, and provides against Danger. He like an assisting Soul appoints him a Minde, that he may seem to approach the regiment of Heaven, which is govern'd by an Intelligence: Because, I say, whoever adopts himself to another, abjures himself, and as one deceased, delivers himself up to Oblivion; and as it is but reason, esteems him only dear, with whom, as youngest born, he lives a more lively Life, and like a pallid Shade abides and sports about his Body. Whoever he were that was the Doctor of Amours, he established for an unjust measure of Affections, the Love of himself; and idly proposed our selves to our selves, as Exemplars  
of

of Loving. How little is every one to himself? Who is he, not enslav'd to his own Desires, or infected with his own Customs, that lives less for another, than for himself? Neither does this Precept spring from our Vices, but from our Vertues, that we should be assistant and serviceable to others. Some Vertues are severe toward the Professour; and they serve with us, that under others merit generous Stipends. That Modesty, which dictates reproaches to its self, and abhors all sorts of Scarlet but that of a chaste and humble Lip, obstinately vaunts the Praises of another, and translates the Honours due to its self. Ambition that toyls under another name, meets with the Titles of Candor and Fidelity. That Brass and Iron which surrounds the breast, only forms man into a shield for others; that he may be able to endure the blows, which he labours to ward from others. No man dies in the defence

of himself, lest he should dye; but to prevent the fate of Parents, Children, or some other Friend. What have I said, no man dyes? No man lives for his own sake. If then so much Gallantry, on this side Friendship, proceed from bare Vertue and Nature it self, certainly Friendship should not impose any other Law upon Good Will, but only this, Not to know the measure, or to prefix other limits, than what the Desires of Lovers designe. Let no man love who governs his Affection, but will not be govern'd; who loves cautiously according to rule, as if he were about to hate. Some one may love naturally; no man truly loves, who answers his *Lover* according to proportion, and as it were loves by weight.

Long Veneration keeps me in suspense, as a confused Lover, that has wasted his Sight with beholding a Divine Form, uncertain which part of noble Beauty first to admire. Yet has he

he made such a progress, as to admire his own amazement, and to give the chief honour to every particular Feature; and to assent to all, though praising distinct parts, and various in their judgments. I hear *Dionysius* defining *Love* to be a Circle returning from Good, through Good, to Good again. Hence I acknowledge Rings to be not only Pledges, but the *Hieroglyphicks* of *Love*. This Circle seems to be expressed by the perpetual heat of *Lovers*, that whirls round with the Blood like an Orbicular motion; such is that *Ethereal* fire, where the immortal flame both feeds and satisfies it self. Who loves what he has loved, moves Spherically in his own footsteps: And he that loves only that he may love, revolves to himself, and there meets himself, and closes the Circle.

I hear *Aristophanes*, and readily assent, who affirms, that the main Mystery of *Love*, is to be reduced to the

same from whence we were. For we see in Natural Motion, how all things run back to their first Principles. By the Law of Nature we wholly employ the Faculties of our Souls in the service of those from whom we received 'em; and by a certain series of Piety, and gradation of Affinity, we reverence those names of *Country, Parents, God*, as more dear than our Lives. I know not whether I may call a Man-lover blinde and incestuous, or provident and holy, who is always deeply in love with something of his Original, and therefore prosecutes his Parents with a pious flame. Neither is he much out of the way, who takes for his Parent the person from whom he gains a new lot of Life; and renews his Nativity at the noble price of his Piety. But you, O *Thales*, and you, O *Empedocles*, the one leaping into the Water, the other into the Fire; the one by chance, the other advisedly; both of ye made too much haste

haste to dissolve not only Philosophy,  
 but the Philosophers themselves into  
 their first Principles, and to plunge  
 the vital Particles of Souls in their first  
 Elements. Yet thus the Errours of  
 Philosophers excuse the Errours of the  
 Affections; and while famish'd Souls,  
 like famish'd Bodies, are nourish'd  
 with those things of which they con-  
 sist, you would swear that the liquid  
 Soul were infus'd into great Drinkers,  
 the bloody Soul into Tyrants. You  
 would say that sordid people were  
 newly come out of the mud; that the  
 barbarous *Stoicks* were only the Sta-  
 tues of men, hewn out of the cold  
 Stone. If we suppose that familiar  
 and well-acquainted Souls are sent a-  
 gain into the world, not without a  
 divorce from the common Seminary  
 of Souls, or the conjoyn'd Mansion of  
 formerly Double-bodied Man; we  
 finde this in some measure to be true,  
 by the eager endeavours of the Parts  
 of dissected Worms to meet together  
 again;

again ; as also by this, that we see some persons at first sight, rushing into each others Embraces, as if they had remember'd their former Fellowship. How did the *Platonic* transmigrate all into Memory, when he taught, that to Love and Philosophize was but to remember!

Indeed, to him who believes that to Love is the same thing as to Philosophize, this is no more than to excite those Souls slid down from Heaven, together with their Bodies, to a perpetual Contemplation of Heaven, and to breathe with a continual desire of Eternity. This is that, I know not what Ardour, which begetting in Mortals, always in Emulation with the Gods, both a loathing of their condition, and means to remedy it ; hastens to put off the most frail part of man. Hence furnish'd with many eyes, what the Sun cannot do, we behold both ends of the Earth at one time. Hence it was that *Amphitryo* could look after his House and his Camp at once. Hence  
it



it is, that without any limit of time or space, we live a posthumous Life, either by our Friends the Guardians of our transmitted Souls, or our Children, Heirs of our transmitted Lives.

*Plato* prevents the wonderer at these things, with a nearer Experiment; for this same *Platonic* affirms, that this same *Cupid* is a desire of enjoying and forming Beauty in a fair Object. Fain, indeed, we would enjoy, not with a fruitless delight always woe and contemplate, that by an addition of Splendour, as by the meeting of a Star in Conjunction, the Influence may be the greater, and that so the Star may become a Constellation. Therefore as Pictures, so the Countenances of extraordinary Majesty, flattering beyond our humane condition, affect the Beholders with a certain pleasure, but with no desire. And that same portion of Beauty, which recreates the Eyes with that same delicacy of Symmetry and Colour, after death

death shall meet with more Spectators than Lovers. Nothing wither'd, or dead, can move living Affections; neither is the pleasure of enjoying, greater than that of forming pleasure. Lust is from Nature, which indulges this Art as well to the Minde as to the Countenance, that where e're it should fix its sight, it might expunge it self. Therefore all Beauty loves a Mirrour; and lest there should want a Spectator, seeks its self, beholding its own reflexion. I call thee to witness, noble *Socrates*, the Master both of Love and Sanctity; who dost the same as a Philosopher, which the Statuary did before, both shape and polish men; though the price not only of the Art, but of the matter, must be enhaunfed. For which reason it was thy Custome to enrol in thy Schools, as in a Nursery of Women, such beautiful Auditors, as *Phædrus* and *Alcibiades*, who might easily imbibe thy Soul, and render thy reflexion more.fair: as being more  
smooth

smooth than all the Mirrours in the world, and more apt to take an impression than wax it self. Something there is, whatever it is, which with a Celestial brightness, like that of the Stars, surpasses humane Envy; but allures Adoration, and ravishes Love to itself with a specious enticement; and so certainly, so entirely possesses us, that it will not suffer us to turn our sight upon any other Object. Nothing but what is adorn'd with such beams as these, nothing but what thus draws and smites the Eyes, can dazle and inflame our Mindes. Even our very Vertues flatter us under the lovely shape of Vertue. And as often as we are minded to erre with Nature, as often as we seek among Monsters for something to be adopted into the number of Angels, as well as into humane Society; this in them appears pleasant and delightful, that they fear no Rival, and serve to shew the incongruous pleasure of Nature in Contrariety.

trariety. Unless any one will deny, that there is any thing deformed in Nature ; since those Animals, which the Grand Artificer has condemn'd to darkness , retain a certain Beauty in ugliness ; and like Warts and Shadows, set off the rest of the worlds face. For that which less flatters the sight, is not therefore ugly to the Eye ; but may be accompted a rarity, not frequently seen ; which the nicer sort are wont to purchase at any rate. What may not be accompted sacred, when Owls and the most ill-favour'd Creatures have found Adorers ? Where since there is no Deformity, nothing of Hatred remains ; neither is the name of *Antipathy* admitted , but among the Sects of Philosophers. Wherefore dost thou tell me, among the Documents of Sobriety, how the *Colewort* shuns the *Vine* ? Sober, not out of a loathing of Wine, or love of Sobriety, but for thy healths sake. Thus the Wolf devours the Lamb, Fire feeds

feeds upon Water, not out of Hatred, but for Self-preservation. Thus Man abhors not Man, but Inhumanity; and therefore guards himself. Thus we do not envy others their Riches, as offended at 'em, but over-unjustly solicitous for our selves. If there be any Strife of Nature, certainly the Contention is very favourable, and such as founds and raises Common-wealths; as sociable Thievery, which lays the foundations of its Greatness upon others Losses; neither can we call these Spoils, but Gifts, by a reciprocal Concession. Severe Love! If these Wars must be carried on with thy Weapons; if *Helena* must be always purchas'd by Rapine and Bloodshed, and *Venus* be only granted to *Mars*? Nevertheless, of so great moment it is for us to perish, that we may please him. Nor do I wonder, when Beauty sets the Gods at odds, if miserable *Paris*, and the rest of Mortals, prove such vigorous Rivals in the same case. Hence  
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it was that *Love*, the Parent of all the world, form'd Harmony out of Discord, and coupled *Vulcan* to *Venus*, that is to say, Fire to Water; and made an intertexture of the most disagreeing things in Nature.' And when he had fram'd and adorn'd the vast bulk of the Universe, for a more than ordinary Shew, He was the first Admirer of his own work; and first felt the force of that Beauty, which He himself infus'd. This is that Order, from whence things borrow not their Softness, but their Strength and Ornament together. Beauty seems to me to be nothing else but the Consummation, Flower, and Maturity of every thing. That I take to be beautiful and splendid, which is entirely what it ought to be. The innate Vigour gives Strength and Figure to the Sinews: how the half-concocted Gem sparkles in the unpolish'd mass! and how the inward juice not only fructifies, but adorns with an Emral-greenness!

Thus

Thus we finde a Minde composed within, polishes the outward Countenance ; honest Thoughts, and a Minde uncontaminated, adorn the cheeks beyond all the Fucus in the world. The Minde appears through its natural Veil, like the Sun through a Cloud. This is that brightness of an undefiled Minde, that addes a lustre to the members, that by the vertue of Similitude they may be capable to allure Souls to themselves ; till we come to understand this Original Form, to take a nearer view of this Deity : and then we finde the small value of this Image of Clay. For what are those Features of the Face, that busie our Eyes with viewing new Graces, springing every Day ? Which we shew one to another, calling auxiliary Worshippers to aid our praises, though so jealous of Rivals ? Nothing but a Superficies, nothing but meer Colour, a certain reflexion of Lights, a most thin Shadow ; which if we long admire, fades and

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vanishes

vanishes while we behold it. What is that bulk and structure of Sinews, built as it were by Rule and Compass? Alas! Statues boast a finer skin than men; and the Palace shews us a more noble Building, than the Master himself. What is that, which is the chiefest grace of our Bodies, which no painting can imitate, I mean *Motion*? Were it more soft and equal than that of the Spheres or Time itself, it has only this to patronize its vanity; that while it pleases, lest it should grow irksome, it passes away, and ceases as soon as it begins. But I seem more than I ought to favour the Errours of Lovers, and the *Encomiums* of Beauty, who believe all that is thought beautiful in Bodies, to be rather the shadows of Beauty, than the ravings of Imagination, or the false colouring of Opinion. Every where we love that which we suppose to our selves, not what we see. Tell me whence it comes to pass, that the same face which to one seems brighter than



than the Stars, another meets with dislike. Tell me, why some are allured by the fallacious Softness and Delicacy of the Female Sex? Why Women are delighted with a manly Fierceness, or, which is more, a careless and stern countenance of Terror? Why the little and Diminutive are admired by some; Why to others the tall Proportion, which fills the Eye, appears most Majestick.

I will tell you freely how the business stands. Whatever Figure it be that feeds the eyes, is either imaginary, and of that kinde, that we loose it, when we cease fondly to dream; or if it be true, unworthy to detain the Soul; but only it stirs it up, admonishes it, and sends it elsewhere. What ardour of minde can remain in that, which only the Eye enjoys, and which it knows not how to communicate? For no man whatsoever, the Beauty of the Minde excepted, could ever believe himself to be made beautiful by the view of Handsomness, by a kinde of Contagion. That which

abides beneath the Soul, ought certainly to be akin to the Divinity, that is, incorporeal; much more would we have it be belov'd: though that grace of Body, how little soever it be, is without a bulk, and like our Soul, is seen to reign and wander thorough every part. There is manifestly to be discern'd a flux and splendour of the Soul, or of the *Idea*, which intermixing itself in the last operation, diffuses itself through all the Arteries, and forming all things to its own likeness, translates an assembled collection of Graces into the Cheeks and Eyes, as to the Center.

Here the Boy *Cupid* has his Throne erected, who cheats the Beholders, and brandishes his enliven'd flames, having besmear'd his Arrows with the wanton Tapers kindled by the Lightning of his Mothers Eyes. Here Love sports away his youthful days; but when he comes to riper years, he changes both his abode and his Arrows.

First

First possessing a middle Dominion , between the Minde and the Body, upon the confines of both, he innocently deceives the sight: but by and by he takes his flight into the Minde, where he makes use of a pure and Starrie Flame ; or else he descends to the Body, and like a Meteor, deludes it with an impure and drossie splendour. Not to use many Arguments, this one thing will condemn the unhappiness of that Affection, for that it more frequently seizes the absent, than those that are present ; and that sight and enjoyment enforces them either to a Loathing, or to Madness. What Deity thus afflicts the Madness of misguided *Cupid* ? Who compells him to desire that, which he most amply enjoys ; and what he most eagerly panted after, nauseously to refuse : and sooner to loath himself, than to be satisfied with what he desired ? He confesses, that he sought not these delights , but that being ignorant what he should desire,

through the force of a blinde Passion, he fell by accident upon these things. But because these are only the shadows of the thing which the Minde hungers after, it flies greedily to them, as deluded Birds to painted Grapes, though those painted Junkets prove rather its torment than its food. Nevertheless, I acknowledge that these shadows of Beauty will beget the shadows of Love. And as in the Soul we reverence the likeness of God, so in the Body we admire a certain shadow, in both a Deity in similitude, and become the woers of Divinity. For the Minde looks up toward God, as the Eye toward the Sun: From whose Light it obtains this peculiar, that it sees, that there is nothing else available to be seen, nor that it can behold any thing else, beyond the sight of that Object; the full lustre of whose beams however we are not able to behold: For which reason we rather chuse to fix our Eyes upon the refracted Beams,  
and

and clouded Splendour, to refresh our selves with shadows and faint delights. Whatever it be, whether a ray of Divinity, a reflexion of the *Idea*, or an efflux of the Soul, that takes our Eyes and Mindes captive under the Notion of Beauty, it must be something divine, it being only proper to Man to covet and contemplate Beauty.

And here I cannot but take notice of those *spectrums* of supercilious Severity, who under a form of Sanctity take upon 'em to be pleas'd with nothing; who condemn all acts of Humanity, as the extravagancies of solid Kindness tending to Luxury; who would make this God *Cupid*, the Contriver of Lust and immoderate Desires, and the Author of all manner of Tragick Crimes and Impieties; whom we finde to be the Match-maker of Immortality, and the Author of Divinity. Herein Love exceeds effeminate Luxury, that where there is no return of thanks, there is the same profit in Love and Liberality;

it has its reward in its self. It is recompence enough to have well deserv'd. But there is that sought for, which is of greater value than all this, to be retaliated with equal love ; where Souls equally heated, intermix their awaken'd flames and light by a mutual collision, in the same manner as Iron is sharpen'd by Iron ; and foster each other by reciprocal generation ; while the Reflexions of two harmonious Hearts answer each to other, like Faces in a Chrystal Fountain. Certainly there is nothing more pleasing than to love or be belov'd, unless it be to love and be belov'd both at one time.

For where we love unfortunately, and that Animals are espous'd to our Embraces, as where *Zerxes* was joyn'd as it were in solemn Matrimony to *Plato*, *Polydorus* to a Statue, *Lesbia* to a Statue, whereby they did not so much desire as undergo a change, and experiment in themselves the Fables of the Poets, finding themselves as it were  
 changed

changed into Trees, Stones and Birds ; it is not our meanest Felicity to feign Discourses , Answers , and frame Delights to our selves, as if we intended to be happy at our own, not at the Will of another. It pleases us to enjoy an Affection, not in vain returning to the Author ; where there is that of Delight still remaining, which is accompted the chiefest in Love ; that we love our Love reciprocally , and like the Sun , enjoy the reflexion of our own heat.

Nor does that other chance of *being Belov'd*, afford less Delight ; but more of Honour. Whence men more extensively court the Affections of others, than they expend their own. This is without the Ensignes of Magistracy or the Scepter, to extend the proper Kingdom of the Gods in the Minds of Men. This shews us vast Felicities and Vertues, and causes us rather to suffer, than render good Offices. Hence are reckoned so many Trophies of thy  
Vertues,

Vertues, as we finde Retainers following thy Triumphal Chariot.

But when the Contest is, who shall render most good Offices; when it is a Combat of Kindness, not after the fashion of the Court, but with a modest shame to submit, and out of a fear of less well-doing, then is that parity of reciprocal Kindness, which *Aristotle* dignified with the known Title of Friendship, though giving no Example. Well fare that Equality which Justice, with her Sword and her Ballance, has been long attempting, but Love has easily brought into Custome among Mankind. Sometimes it happens that the distance of Fortunes or Merits separates Friendship. *Jupiter* must descend to Earth, and put off his Deity, before he can enjoy the Embraces of Mortals; Nay, the brute Deity must descend below man, and work his admittance rather by Contempt than Terrour. *Semele* has sufficiently taught us, how great a punishment it is to  
admit



admit a Deity to her Bed. The adoration of great people, is only sweet to the ignorant, as approaching nearer to Flattery, than Charity. 'Tis our Ambition, not our Friendship, advises us to this, to purchase our selves into the number of Servants, rather than of Friends. But they are both equal, who have captivated each other at the expence of true worth. Sometimes we experiment a more fragrant Ambition, while humble Masters strive to love themselves, and chuse rather to suffer a contempt of Dignity, than a decrease of Candor. *Alexander* puts off the Emperour, and by Loving, looses what he won by Conquest; content that *Ephestio* should reign, upon condition he may be a part of his Kingdom. He bestows upon *Ephestio* the Flatteries which he receives from others; while he serves *Ephestio*, he seems to enjoy more than another World. We all confess that Love is a soothing and restless desire of pleasing them

them who please us, either by chance, or through their own vertue, or our mistake. It little imports either to Life or Friendship, where the heat first kindled. The Heart moves and throbs never the less for that, continually reverberating our breasts; and like a double-diligent Importunate, either to tire or force, to deserve or assuage, cherishes Kindnesses with Kindnesses; and where there is no place for kinde Offices, like one alway rendring something, obliges the Inclinations of the other with a countenance of diligent Obsequiousness, and strives to please with a fear of displeasing. But this he accounts a benefit, to have sometimes displeas'd; by which means he may either hate or reform his own proceedings. For to be most like to this person, is to be both good and happy: he dives into the most inward Motions of the heart; performs commands by conjecture, and fulfils them as yet unknown to  
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the Master, before the pangs of labouring desire can come to torment him. Neither shall he ever satisfy himself, though the other has done sufficient: whereby it is apparent, that he who is the Courter, is delighted with those Offices of Kindness, not so much to gain favour, as out of a desire to serve; as if Man were a Slave, born by nature for that one Mistress.

For you must know, that there is the same pedigree and original of Loving, as of Living. Of some certain things there is an order and mutual agreement among themselves, either instituted by Nature, or voluntarily undertaken: of things like or dislike, whereby those are conjoyn'd, those are disunited and parted asunder. But that tye of Blood is the work of chance, nor does it shew any merit of Affection, as being engrafted in our Breasts, we never admit, but ignorantly suffer; and now so much as it brings of Necessity, so much it imposes

imposes of Burthen. Pardon me therefore, if I hold the name of Friends more holy than that of Parents. We owe all that to Love, which we attribute to our Parents; that is, to be led by the Errour of easie Piety. For out of their mutual Love, not out of any Charity to us, it happens that we come to receive the benefit of this light. Neither does proper Alliance inflame or cherish Domestic Friendship, but Familiarity, and that same sweet Society in Calamities, and reciprocal Kindness in common Miseries. I am deceiv'd, or Lovers are joyn'd together by a more strict alliance, and by a tye so much the straiter, by how much Reason is above Nature. The force of a mans own Will is greater than that of Consanguinity. For every one obeys himself the more stedfastly, by how much he does it with more pleasure, and submits to his own Laws. But both these conspiring together, how promptly and placidly does this  
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re- Affection sway the Minde, By a ta-  
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ri- But O thou least of all the Gods,  
ed though greatest of all the Deities, di-  
ut vine *Cupid!* It is beneath thy Merits,  
ny that the audacious Philosophers and  
ve Poets should only feign thee a God.  
his However, thou hast this proper to a  
ce Deity, to be unknown, and to re-  
d- ceive sacred <sup>ap</sup>proaches from men. He  
ne has also this farther property of a God,  
ci- to lead men by a tacite Influence, so  
es. that they obey, though they feel not  
o- his Motions; and to draw others a-  
d- gainst their Wills: insomuch that all  
w Affections contrary to it, at the beck  
ne of his Majesty submit their Services.  
er While he is pleased to jeast, the lofty  
y hang their drooping heads: the brave  
t- and stout fear and tremble at the glit-  
re- tering Darts of splendid eyes. The  
s. Illiterate Heir of a sudden grows elo-  
, quent; he no longer buys his Love-  
is Songs, but grows enraged himself, and  
i- sings

sings her praise. To omit the other Attributes of his Divinity, Love is a Circle eternal, immense, in whom reside those acts of Providence, to *Govern* and *Cherish* : wherein I am the more confirm'd, for that *Love's* Religion strikes an awe upon the very wicked. They court in such a manner, as if they were performing Divine Service: Their Countenances fail, they view their Garments, and compose themselves to all the habits of Reverence. To what intent? That they may approach their Mistresses, as so many Altars: Nay, they strive to be decently absent: For whatever we love, we believe to be every where present. She is the Arbitrix of our Undertakings, the Assistant both of our Vertue and Wit; the lucky Guide of all our Enterprizes; from whom he that goes a Voyage begs fair Weather, the Travailer safe Return, the Souldier Victory, and all from her to whom he has devoted the Spoils of his Enemies.

Hence-

Henceforward let it be lawful for *Lovers* to salute each other with names borrow'd from Heaven, and reverently to sooth one another with those **Titles**, under which they are wont to worship the Immortal Gods.

Neither is there any one who has any reason to envy this Deity, who is so easily pleased without slaughter and bloodshed; who requires not the fat of beasts, but faithful Adorers for his Victims; and that he may not want Temples, erects Altars, and kindles Fires in humane breasts, while the God himself converted into fire, seems to take care of his own worship. And thus it is, when a Lover sends forth the sighs of Grief, it seems to me like a certain kinde of Lightning breaking from a Cloud, with a rumbling Thunder, that afterwards vanishes into smoak. While he sweats Tears and boyls his Complaints, I then think upon the burning of *Ætna*, and *Vesuvius* vomiting flames in the midst of

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Snow

Snow and clouds of Ashes. When burning with a short ardour, feigned Love sells it self to counterfeit flames, I acknowledge those fictitious Tapers, and vain Meteors, like the wandering Lights of the middle Region. What though Fire serve only for humane Use, and for the worship of the Gods? What though it not only enlighten, but heat out Wits, so that *Bacchus* and *Apollo* may be truly said to derive their Birth from the flames of Love? What though it rage, where it findes Obstacles in the way, and be nourish'd with Injuries and Offences as with Water? All this does but shew the properties of the Ethereal Fire, which burns and refreshes; which being immortal, satisfies itself, and needs no fuel. For Love, contented with it self, is the price of its self; that being immaculate and inviolable, it expiates and takes away the Crimes which it does not admit, and maintains the Virgin Honours of the Vestal Flame. Lastly,



Lastly, This farther property has the Celestial Fire, that is the uppermost Element, it encompasses the vast Orb for the safeguard of the world. Thus the fire of Love possesses the supremest Creatures, and preserves and closes all the other Affections. In this only unlike, that it descends below its Sphere to cherish and foster all the meaner sort of Creatures with vital Heat. Thus is *Love* made equal to those two most pure and powerful Beings, God and Fire.

But that which is number'd among the Miracles of Love, astonishes us much more; while we feel a burning Fever creeping up and down, and burning in the midst of our Bowels, and yet nothing appears; so that while we feel this Subterranean Heat, yet cannot tell from whence it arises, we deny that we burn. We admire whence it comes to pass, that the Fibres of the Heart, like the strings of two Lutes, so Harmoniously answer one another. To this, like the igno-

rant Musician, we stand mute, and cry, that those Fibres and Strings were formerly extracted out of the same Entrails. We grant this Maxime to the Physicians, That Motion is a certain consent in Bodies ; finding the same thing to be true in Minds.

Nor let us torment our selves with doubting, but confidently aver with *Plato*, that Love is a *Magician*. Whence comes it to pass, that Souls by a secret contact conceive the Seeds and first Flames of Desire? Whence comes it to pass, that Lovers, like Sorceresses, burn and melt away, by the means of Images and little Figures, the Bowels of wasting men? Whence comes it to pass, that beautiful Eyes, like those of Basilisks, bewitch the Sight, and intermixing beams with beams, knit those Knots, and frame those Chains that binde and fetter the Beholders? What may I call other than these, those soft Charms by which *Endymion* call'd down the Moon from Heaven? What  
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are all those alluring Sobs other than Magic Murmurs, and the Philters of Discourse? What are Presents other than Charms, which infuse a pleasing Poyson into those that wear them? I know not whether to admire the forcible Attracts in her that is Beloved, or the vanquishing Arguments of obsequiousness in a Lover; those Incantations against which there is no Remedy, as against Sorcery, either by way of Curse or Exorcism. Certainly all the whole force of Magic is seated in Love, of which this is said to be one Miracle, mutually to attract and change things by a certain commutation of Nature; For that the Members of this world, like the Arteries of some great Animal, depending upon the same communion of Nature, are coupled together by a Spirit, that throws it self into the whole Body. By reason of this binding and commerce of things, it secretly comes to pass, that Love by a mutual Attraction of Souls, like a

Disease contracted by Contagion, seizes chiefly upon the sound, yet by and by willing to submit to the pleasing Distemper; while the Captive more severely binds himself, than finds himself bound in these soft Chains and silken Fetters, and like the Chain itself, is ignorant of the embraces which he enjoys.

Methinks I seem rather to suffer than describe the passionate and violent Desires of Lovers, and to act my Argument before I have finish'd it. Before, being gently deluded with Dreams and Apparations, I rather underwent, than described the alternative Fluctuations of a Madness newly enrag'd. But so soon as the lovely Countenance of my Mistress had infected my Blood, not with the rude Image, but with the shadow of the Image; so soon as it has signed my very Soul, and imprinted its indelible Characters, and possess'd the entire man, no otherwise in my sick Breast, than beneath the toss'd  
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and troubled waves ; an incertain species and shadow, wither'd and meager, which flies the Approacher, and vanishes from my Embraces. Streight-way removing gently *Cupid's* Vail, no sooner does the divine Form of tasted Felicity shew it self, but a troublesom Ignorance begat a care in me of seeking into particulars, what Disposition, what Endowments, what Family, what Pedigree. For this is the first and last of Lovers cares and joys , not only to call to remembrance their former Sports, and rudiments of their Amours ; but also to enquire into the years and worth of the Parents, and to discourse from what noble beginnings their Friendship took its rise.

Whither does this first Violence, not only of Nature, but of Reason carry us ! Voluntarily deceived, we not only adore Vertue itself , but whatever carries with it the outside and appearance of Vertue. Sometimes that difficulty, which guards the path of Vertue with

a sacred Horrour, and drives away the prophane Vulgar, repels, and yet allures with flattering Injuries. We more greedily suck the Honey that lies hid among the Stings. Thus it is a kinde of Spur and Encitement to our future Pleasure, to wait at the threshold of a Mistriſs, to suffer a repulſe from a more unworthy Rival; and undergo indignities, which cauſe him to tear his Hair and bite his Lips.

Note alſo, that thoſe are the Allurements of Lovers, which among the ſhadows of the Vertues are accounted the chiefeſt. Praises wherewith, as with Incenſe, the Gods and Men are pacified; how eaſily they obtain this property, that while we endeavour to pleaſe others, we pleaſe our ſelves! By what precious Allurements they enable us to pleaſe the moſt chaſt of Matrons; who denying to be belov'd, yet covet to ſeem amiable. Both egregious Arguments of Vertue. But there is more of certainty in praizing  
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than being prais'd. For the undeserving are wont to be most praised, and most desire it, as the deformed covet Fucus's. But no man can truly praise, but he that is praise-worthy himself. The same thing does he, or at least would do, that seeks renown by other mens deeds; as he that erects a Statue to himself, erects a Monument of Vertue. For this is not to exercise, but to admire and worship Vertue, as a high desert. These are the Darts of *Cupid* feather'd with his own Wings, which while they gently seem to stroke, wound more severely.

We are so much men of Glory, and creatures of Vertue, that I am doubtful, whether I ought to confess, that among the Vertues, we diligently regard those which are profitable; that is, which exercise and invite Humanity, as Modesty and Equity; or those which govern and preserve Humanity, as Fortitude and Munificence. But as Emulation is to the rest of the Vertues,  
so

so Munificence knits our Affections together. Though his Merit is accounted greatest, by how much there is the less of Desert in the receiver. For all which we ought to be beholding to Favour, and not to Judgment, which for our sake would cast Contumely upon the Well-doer. To this Munificence thus awaken'd, that Liberality answers which is bred in the breast of every one. And though perhaps at first it had an unjust esteem of the Donor, because of the Benefits; yet by and by it loves the Gifts for the Authors sake, who extended that indulgent minde of Household-gods and Parents, beyond the verge of his own Family, and with a nursing Piety receives Strangers into his bosome, and fosters as her Relations. Here vanquish'd Gratitude submits, and being sensible that nothing can be return'd, unless the man himself, he retaliates the Patroness, like a Goddess, with a faithful Worshipper. Neither does  
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that seem to me to be an ingenuous Ardour, which returns Benefits as it were Debts, and repays Gifts as if to quit Scores. He acts not piously but proudly, who unwillingly suffers himself to be overcome. This is, to refuse, to stop, and not to receive: this is with greater Pride than Gratitude, to boast particular Wealth, and a wonderful strife of Munificence. But in regard that Benefits seek nothing more beyond reception, he only knows to exercise Liberality in receiving, who candidly interprets, and returns nothing but a grateful Minde. Neither does he believe this to be the price of his own, but the pledge of another mans Liberality. These Benefits are the Darts of *Cupid*, which with a Golden Shaft inflict a faithful, but a splendid wound. *Jupiter* courts more powerfully in the shape of Gold, than under his gaudy Feathers, or in his own divine Form. For the Idioms of Presents are understood by all; but  
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the Characters of Majesty and Dignity, and the perswasions of a Rhetorical Pen, are discernible to few.

May not I affirm ; that from this Humanity of a facile Minde, proceeds that Commiseration, which softens the Breast like Wax, and causes it to receive any impression ? May I not say, that from this amplitude of Minde, that proud Benignity springs, which while it seeks the place of Munificence, extremely loves the miserable, and loathes the fortunate ? May I not believe that hence proceeds that generous Haughtiness, which shews more Kindness to bended Knees and downcast Looks, than the Embraces of the Happy ; and loves with that magnificent condition, not to be belov'd again ?

And here we must confess the wonderful Amours which are darted from the whole body, where Vertue shews it self ; where Candor of Minde tempers the Blood with Milk ; where a liberal Countenance as it were entertains

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tains the Beholders; and the glances of the Eyes are gather'd like scatter'd Coyns; where thou maist observe the dictates of a prudent Lip, and draw from thence certain tacite consultations of Wisdom; where you may observe reduc'd to a certain Law, by the balance of Justice, the strength and vigour of our Arteries, as well as of our Inclinations; and maist as it were handle with thine eyes the enliven'd System of *Ethics*; where when thou hast beheld the transparent Members, like Gems fix'd to the members for Ornament as well as Service, then beholding the rammass'd strength of Beauty, thou shalt cry out, Here, *Vulcan*, here; come bring away thy Nets, we have once more here taken *Mars* in Copulation with *Venus*. O most admirable Form! worthy the Empire of more than one Sphere. We give thanks to *Jupiter*, that he hath not envy'd so much Beauty to the world. The sight of this Form, more powerful than *Orpheus's*

*phœbus's* Lyre, is sufficient to tame wilde Beasts and Philosophers. This Splendor, more pleasant than the Light itself, deserves, instead of *Phæbus* Rays, not only to try the births of Eagles, but of Men: One would swear that Souls, like falling Stars, had flow'd from Heaven, while we admire the glittering Splendour of Beauty. These are the Darts of *Cupid*, tipt with the Light of Eyes brandishing flames, that sparkling burn and prick.

Thus whatsoever is conspicuous, and to which we would be like, that snatches us to it self with the same ardency, with which we draw those things to our selves, to which we seem to be like. We give and ask pardon of this Madness, through which, as Men, we act as Boys, and covet the representations of our Looking-glasses to kiss and embrace. 'Tis not the Fate of one *Narcissus*, but of all Mankind, to be in love with their own Shadows. This Covetousness is to be indulg'd

[ III ]

indulg'd us, whereby we feed upon our like; it being the Law of Mindes to be nourish'd with their like. Wherefore I do not so much admire the force of Custome, which reconciles us not only to Bodies, but to Places themselves, and inanimate trifles. Thus Familiarity, without which, though present, we are but Pilgrims, gives this efficacy to Custome, to form natural and proper Manners, and to fit the Minde to the Minde, that we may converse more sweetly and freely with another, than with our selves. 'Tis a Hell upon earth, not a Society, for fear of displeasing, to set our faces in the Looking-glass, in respect to the Visit; to weigh our words like Gold, before we speak 'em; and to be put to behave our selves, as at a publick Assembly, with premeditated Gestures.

But why do I recount those agreeable species, slightly painted in our Minds, either by Art, or Nature, or  
by

by Custome? When *Love* has fix'd a living Image in our breasts of all these things, by whose power they move and act. It was well provided for *Lovers*, that it is lawful to Love the unwilling. There is no need of requiring returns and the debt of  *Loving*. If it move nothing that thou art her Image and her Slave, that thou hast lost thy Life and Liberty for her sake; if the Crime of Impiety and Homicide terrifie nothing; yet necessity of Nature kindles Love out of Love, and Flame out of Flame. Yet Nature would not indulge that power to love, to dissemble, or otherwise to burn, than as a painted fire. For let the Countenance or Gestures counterfeit never so much, Dissimulation will betray it self, either out of an overstudious emulation of imitating, or by reason of its own sloath. If yet thou wilt not acknowledge Love to be the price of Man, that thou maist admit him under the notion of Profit, know that

that he comprehends in himself all the benefits which he does, or is able to do, and all above our wishes; without whom I would attribute the Benefits themselves to Chance and Fate, not to Man; and shall account them rather as things found, than accepted. By vertue of which Gift, the Poor is Liberal, while he gives nothing, but liberally wishes. Than which, the Gods neither ask, nor bestow any thing greater upon Mortals. Surely the potent Philter is this, beyond all the power of Herbs and Flowers; *Love, if thou wilt be beloved.*

But as it is an uncomely thing to ask or give a reason of Love, so is that Love most worthy which springs, like some Flowers, without the help of seed; and has this property of Eternity, to exist without a Cause; and like the Heavens, to be mov'd by an unseen Intelligence. This is that which we acknowledge to be all *Love* by Nature: That Similitude, which partly

manifest, but chiefly occult, which we call Sympathy. From whence without Propinquity or Custome the near and familiar Soul adheres to the Soul, as plain Bodies adhere to plain Bodies, only by the glew of Aptitude, never to be separated. Nature seems to produce Twin-like Minds, as to assigne companions for Minds, like Shades and Genius's to Bodies. Hence, contrary to the Wills of their Nativities, Men undergo the same Fates, and are born Twins. Most happy pair of Lovers! more noble fight than that of the Gladiators, where the whole strife in the duel of Liberality is carried on by good Offices. In this one thing disagreeing Passions shew themselves, while both solicitous for one another, exercise their Hatred and their Fears; both, endued with each others Choler, discern and judge the same things, the one as the other; both touch'd with the same Magnet, turn themselves the same way, tend  
and



and close the same way. The one puts on the Countenance of the other, and represents it more faithfully than the Mirrour: The one imitates the Inclinations of the other, more than a Parasite ; to the end he may be like his other self, yet not himself.

While I was stammering out these imperfect Notions, *Cupid* in disdain snatch'd the Pen out of my Hand, and flew away.

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*F I N I S.*

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